The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

ESTABLISHED 1925

JULY
1938

Golden Days

The golden days of July are rampant with the joy of living. All Life rejoices in the fulfilling of the promise of Spring everywhere.

Happy children in the Parks speak to us of a greater Life yet to be. Their gay laughter brings memories of other childhood days and brings solace and real rejoicing to those whose duty it is to guide their footsteps along the treacherous highway of Life.

Watch your speech, grown up! Watch your steps as well, that no blight of War may strike their lives to cripple body and mind. Turn not back the pages of history of fighting, wars and crime.

Grown ups, yours is the hand that holds the *fate* of these laughing children at play in these Golden July days.

For Your Enlightenment—

Psychology

By Eugene [illegible] M.A.

Is Man the Victim of His Own Ignorance?

By J. S. Older

Some Things I Don't Understand

By Norma Helmos Reddy

I SAW MY DEAD PETS

By Bert Slater

Philosophy and Psychic Experience

Walter E. McBride

REGULAR FEATURES

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The Occult Digest

A Magazine for Everybody

Trade-Mark Registered

EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor and Publisher*

WE STAND FOR TRUTH UNMASKED — Make the world safe for INTELLIGENCE

VOLUME 14 — NUMBER 7

JULY GREETINGS

Dear Authors:

We take this opportunity to thank all who have made it possible to continue THE OCCULT DIGEST through the year of 1938. You are giving our readers a real treat and they appreciate you.

We are proud of our authors who have attracted the larger field of expression and we look forward to more and more of you reaching out where your real pay envelopes will be coming back.

Your Editor

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BELLE L. GOULD, *Circulation Dept.*

THE WINNING CONTEST LETTER

Contest Editor
Occult Digest,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

"And so, your misfortunes, your financial reverses, your sorrows, your trials, your depressions are the trifles that are putting the polish and the finishing touches of strength and courage, originality and tenacity in your character, making it smooth and perfect and ready for greater things to come. Tremendous Trifles are they, cutting and grinding with kind cruelty at the rough and jagged edges of your character, wearing away the defects that stand between you and perfection."

Thus, in the very first installment of this remarkable work entitled "Tremendous Trifles," J. John Gilbert, distinguished contributor to The Occult Digest, following the practice of newspapermen to tell the whole story in the first paragraph, presents tersely and concisely the baffling problem of life and its solution, following up with intimate discussions of details in explanation of ideas, complex situations, thoughts and events which are responsible for the rise of a tremendous trifle in the life of an individual.

The work teaches the thoughtful person how to rise above seeming difficulties and guide his own life into more favorable channels. The apt comparison of the individual soul to a diamond, forcefully points out the part that life's vicissitudes, tremendous trifles, plays in shaping the human life and destiny. There is the sparkle or brilliancy or indicated life in the grinding which has felt the touch of grinding. The diamond in the rough improves with the apparent tearing-down process. Were the uncut diamond capable of complaining, who knows what bitter objections it would offer to the cutting process which is transforming it from an unsightly rock to a beautiful, brilliant and usable gem? With the grinding the hateful exterior disappears and the beautiful and unsuspected soul, no longer trammeled with the rough and unpersonable edges, shines into a hitherto darkened world, a thing of joy and beauty and service.

Tremendous Trifles teaches that the soul of man is strengthened, uncovered and made usable, just as the diamond is, through the kind cruelty of grinding, of presenting problems to surmount in order that the individual's originality, courage, tenacity, his capability for service, his power is tested and strengthened. It is so simple to see and understand after the illuminating examples of "Tremendous Trifles." That loss of property, that attack of disease takes on the appearance of friendship -- the friendly grinding of the great trainer who

(Continued on page 22)

THE VOICES OF THE

It Gives Us Great Pleasure to Give These Communications to the Inquiring World...

THE TEMPLE OF LEARNING IN THE WORLD OF SPIRIT

The teacher who is addressing this vast audience in this temple is standing on a balcony. He raises his hand in salute and every listener gives attention.

"SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE, we salute you, in whatever rate of vibration your inquiring soul may be functioning. There are no fixed planes in space. There are no limitations in sound, neither in light nor air. These elements fill all space. Limitation is fixed by comprehension. You measure space by limitation. You measure speed by time, yet there is no time in space; there is no time in air or light. Time begins and ends with the ability to observe. The listener nearest to me comprehends through hearing the words that proceed from me. The listener far away hears through the same law of comprehension. Distance means nothing; we might add, planes mean nothing. Regardless of who you are or on what planet you are, if your vision is attuned to the vibration of my voice you will know as I speak the meaning of that which is said. Vision comprehendeth all things, covers all distance, breaks down all barriers and becomes one with that which through the law of harmony fills all gaps and overcomes all weaknesses. The earth plane Radio illustrates and demonstrates this law, used but not comprehended by entire nations at whatever quarter of the globe they may be. Man's concrete mind grasps this law because it is demonstrated through concrete implements. We who have entered the Eternal City of the Dead (so called) comprehend the law through the power of the law itself and each individual in whatever rate of vibration they are functioning, who have come into the realization of this law comprehend through vision, the greater manifestation of vision is without need of concrete vehicles. Such enlightened souls know no limitation of expression; they speak the language of thought and in the silence in which they live within their own being do they create the manifestation of the concrete images for the physical use of man on the earth planet. The **hampering** of soul growth through the wild and voluminous teachings and misinterpretations of law and the monster **fear** stalking through the world has blasted the minds through the thousands of years since the first discovery of the elements was made in the unenlightened age of man's directed activities. This period of gestation has brought gruesome images into the field of action and out of this seething cauldron of misinterpreted and misapplied laws there is a new formation of active Life through soul growth taking root, even in the most concrete minds abroad in the land today. I am speaking directly to the **freed** souls and to the souls seeking to be freed from the limitations of vision and active activity, unhampered and unhindered in their expression of complete life during their sojourn in the soul of the earth.

"I am speaking to Youth—Youth in all degrees of comprehension and to the youth who, through maturity has become one with the Law. Age is not a matter of years as set forth on the calendar or by man's comprehension of the orbit's transition. Youth is a comprehension of the law of eternal vigilance, marking no birth and registering no death. The **breastplate** and **armor** of youth comes through the law of realization and comprehension of each **thought** second of Time.

"Speaking to those who are wandering on the fringe of this great comprehension law. All forms of Life come into active relationship with the whole through the law of expulsion, illustrated by the seed in the soil. Unless that seed is germinated it never comes into activity. Therefore, we must of a necessity take you back that you

(Continued on page 27)

UNIVERSE SPEAKING

EFFA E. DANELSON, *Editor*

"UNCLE" JOE CANNON SPEAKS

IF I HAD my life to live over again I would not rob the country of three generations of youth of their visions. I agree with the present administration that all the old men who are now encumbering the Supreme Court bench should resign and stand by and let the next generation take the reins. Every branch of industry in the world has progressed because of the vision and wisdom of the ripening manhood and womanhood. New conditions must of assurity demand new governing laws. A man takes his sons and daughters into his business that they may learn the intricate problems and how to clarify them in the business—in the home; but the grandfathers and great grandfathers, holding the offices in the government, shuts the sons and daughters of the Government out and robs them of their rightful inheritance of the Government.

United, this Government will stand, but it cannot stand united unless Youth takes the wheel under the guidance but not the dictation of men who in their vigor ceased to progress. Men long in service should be honored but not revered. I see it all now. The shadows of the old men who will not give up the plow have darkened the horizon of each succeeding generation of Youth. They no longer have the vision. Their physical health does not permit them to perform the service this great Commonwealth must have. The degenerate population is growing by leaps and bounds because the hand that holds the plow can no longer hold it to the furrow. Bramble bush and thorn have sprung up everywhere. Distress, despair and depression are carrying into the great beyond the finest minds the world has ever known.

Stand by, old comrades, and let Youth take the wheel. I lived too long in the White House—my one regret.

Joe Cannon

EDITORIALS IN TUNE

Without Fear or Favor

THE GREAT LAW GIVER

A FREED soul is one whose ideas and opinions can be sublimated with a greater truth.

Beloved we are all children of one law of expression. All sprang from the one source. All are one with the soil, the thorn and the thistle, the grains and the fruits that sustain us, with the flowers that delight us, with the little children that play at our door, the legislators who make our laws and the teachers who mold our ideas and create our speech. We are one with the birds of the air whether they be doves of peace or the vultures of destruction, one with the tides of the sea and of the sea itself, one with the hurricanes, strong winds that blow or the zephyrs that gently play in the dead leaves which lie at our feet. We are one with the sands, the rocks and the soil from which we draw our sustenance. We are one in birth and death, a complete unit of the whole, driven by the winds of adversity and led by the influence of success. Whether we be rich or poor, regardless of the race from which we sprang or the continent on which we were born, *one* is not greater than the other—all sprang from the one *great cause*. We did not come into being through physical birth and we do not cease our expression at the physical death. Before time was *we* were, whoever we are, wherever we are; time does not mark our birth nor erase our activity. We are one with all that has ever lived and one with all that ever will come into physical being. Life is a unit and cannot be separated by time or any act of man. Humanity, though disorganized, torn asunder through differences of opinion, through political intrigue, through selfish and worldly desires of possession are still bound each to the other in the great reservoir, held together by the one great Law which gave individuality to every expression it put forth and the hand of the Law, stretching forth with its emblem, *Justice and Right,* with *healing* in its touch shall restore peace in every troubled heart.

The Law giver is the *judge* and he who receives and lives within the Law shall be rewarded with the *gifts* from the tree of right living whether it be nation or individual. Everything has its law, even the beasts of the jungle, the natives of the wild lands or the rulers of nations. The nation which breaks the Law of Justice shall fall like the tree in the forest whose roots decay. The mighty eagle falls a prey to its adversary *only* when its great strength in flight is broken. The great elephant of the jungle will succumb to the bite of a flea and the lion's roar is no longer heard when weakness overcomes him while pursuing his prey.

Love ye one another and live in peace, neighbor with neighbor, nation with nation. Not one living thing on our great earth is separated from us—we are all holden to the same Law. We come forth and we will go hence through the gate of *eternal vigilance—THE LAW.*

In that great reservoir from whence we came and whither we go there is neither Jew nor Gentile; there are no Kingdoms and no Principalities—all are equal denizens of the LAW, feeding from this great benevolent hand we are succored. Those who drink the milk of *Human-kindness* and are *fed,* are the elect in the world of today and tomorrow. Those who drink of the gall of *Hate* condemn themselves and those of their posterity who follow in their footsteps.

Peoples of the earth—there are two great armies lining up for battle—it is not nation against nation. Their Generals represent the principles of *right* and *wrong.* The army of right are stalwart men and women of valor who love their neighbor even though he be their enemy. The followers of wrong are weazened, decrepit but full of pride and they hate their neighbor even though that neighbor serves them with all his goods, even to his Life and yet in the final struggle there is only one army and that army is marshaled under the banner of RIGHT—for always and eternal—RIGHT stands supreme under the one Law from which all Life sprang.

WHAT A LEGACY!

FROM the constant straining of the ear drums to catch every word and the unnatural positions which the body takes being equipped with an impressional brain cell which one might describe by using the term "carbon copy" of your letter. This is very discernible in groups. Hardly anyone who is classed as a "radio fan" has an individual voice any more. The same can be said of the veteran movie fan; all individual manners of voice, expression and gesture cause these "fans" to become a type—lifeless and hard. The whole world today speaks in phrases. This regrettable thing comes from imitating their favorite actor, singer or comedian. "Amos and Andy" and the various characters immortalized in the famous historic 1933 Century of Progress have become types in speech, in mannerisms and in morals.

The Negro race, fighting for life and liberty to become representative citizens of the United States fought the radio commission and the radio public —fought a royal battle—and lost, to have these low-class comedians taken off the radio as impersonators of their group; the Negro population in the United States are fighting for a better education, for a better adaptation of the better things for their people who *are* citizens of these United States by virtue of their birth and the declaration of Peace which gave them equal rights in this, the

WITH OUR TIMES

BY EFFA DANELSON

country of their birth. They are represented in the Capital of the United States. Each succeeding generation is striving for better citizenship, better homes and for better values in education. They are striving in the arts, the sports, the professions and in the universities and any white man, native born or imported, does not have the right to disgrace and misrepresent them through such characterization. The colored citizenry of this Nation and the Government's representatives should be mindful of the appeal of those who have made themselves worthy and should protect their rights on the air and whenever they enter of field of equal education, striving for their advancement as individuals and as good citizens. It never seems to occur to the rank and file of the immigrant posterity that this great race began with the foundation, the laying of the cornerstone of this great Republic. It never seems to occur to them that the President whom they revere gave his life that these freed slaves and their children might become independent, loyal citizens with all the privileges accorded to the children of those who fought the great battle for freedom, for righteousness and for equality.

It is regrettable that a white man is allowed unchecked to continue the destructive practice of impersonation for the entertainment and the laughter of a public who has forgotten the price that was paid, and to continue with our subject — if the radio and the moving pictures continue their present method of educating the world and especially the youth, individuality and personality will be submerged and all the world will become characters of these two branches of industry. The expectant mother molds her child to be like her movie or radio impersonator till the whole world has developed a radio and movie consciousness and are projecting this ego as the next great *type* to enter the Hall of Fame, to quote the words of a reformer, "Something should be done about it," and let me ask—*will* anything be done about it?—Not until it is too late unless the present youth realizes the shallow inheritance which will be left them by the present actors and law makers with which to endow their children before they were born or had a chance to choose their career. What a legacy!

A PICTURE

THE light of the body is an intellectual orb which is procreative and creative energy. It circulates through the nerve cells of the body emptying into the valves of the heart and through a process of elimination feeds the brain which turns to mental energy in the form of speech and muscular action of the body, just as the sunlight penetrating the earth vitalizes and feeds vegetation and gives hope to the human bodies as well as strength and vitality, together with other scintillating, vibratory rays giving Life to all the creations which subsist from the earth's contribution of its gifts. Man's power to put *thought* into action is contributed by the streams of light, emanating, converging and contracting through the atmosphere, directly into the blood stream which nourishes and completes the flow of Life fluid into the life centers of the body. The hydraulic pressure, caused by the earth's activities, depletes and replenishes these life-giving streams. When man taps these great streams of supply and harnesses them for his use the much-looked-for *millennium* will have started on its way. Man has yet to learn the power of force and its benefit to the human family. The raw gases that are released today in the smoke and the fumes thrown off as a result of man's discovery which has added power to speed, settling in the low places and the lighter gases climbing up, will cause conflagrations through explosions which are unaccountable by man's present faculties for analysis. The negligence and carelessness of the informed and the ignorance of the uninformed mentality abroad in the land are unconsciously laying down explosives of the most deadly nature. The promiscuous use of electricity, the X-ray and various subtle gases are releasing fumes and destructive chemicals which will, without warning, annihilate whole villages and cities and destroy the water fronts without a moment's warning. Every blessing that man discovers for his use trails behind it a deadly foe which stealthily overpowers him—stealthily creeps upon him and overpowers him. Ever since man began to cut down the forests he has steadily decreased his power of resistance. The earth has been a bountiful giver to the needs of man, but man in his greed to possess more than his share has turned his Eden into a burning Hell.

The congested areas are groaning with tired and ill-fed humanity and the wide open spaces are calling in vain for the humanity to bless its earth. The wail of the underfed and the gloating laughter of the overfed, mingling together, creates a bitter concoction, poisoning the blood stream, setting fire to the brain that not only destroys each other, but destroys the flame that feeds the life stream and man looks upon the towering smokestacks, listens to his warring factions until his speed-crazed brain loses control of the steering wheel and disaster is the requiem song of the destroyed. A moment here and a moment there, saved for the funeral pyre, burning along the highways where once there walked in peaceful meditation the great minds who gave their all for the benefit of mankind. Speed! Speed! A moment saved at the cost of a life, in the factories, on the highways—mankind is speeding to his doom to save a moment of time.

Oneness of Metaphysics and Psychology

By EUGENE DEL MAR

The soul looks steadily forward,
Creating a world before her,
Leaving worlds behind.

—*Emerson*

UNITY is the fundamental conception of both Spiritual Science and Physical Science. The former realizes God, vitalized by the One Law of Love. The latter recognizes the Universe, actuated by the One Law of Attraction. Postulating God and Universe as two designations of an identity, both God and Universe act similarly according to the dictates of Love and Attraction.

The fundamental essence or basis of any Unit inheres through every part and portion of it; and each part of a Unit must be related to every other part. This mutuality of relationship negatives any possibility of essential opposition, notwithstanding appearances of separation and opposition.

Principle and Appearance

It is the office of wisdom to pierce through the appearance of opposition to the inner Truth of Unity, and to reveal the innate relationship of any part of the Whole to any other part. External appearance does not always reveal the internal Truth. Although Truth is unital, appearance is dual and may be deceptive as to the Truth it represents. For this reason wisdom is required in order that Unity may be discerned underlying dualistic appearances.

Definitions and Meanings

Because of the evolution in word meanings, it is difficult to find exact accepted distinctions and differences between Metaphysics and Psychology. While each of these words has its root meaning, these merely evidence their respective derivations and are not at all conclusive as to the significance currently attached to each. In the assumed absence of agreement in this respect, Metaphysics may be regarded as representing the spiritual or essentially religious aspect, and Psychology as denoting the mental or essentially intellectual. In other words, Metaphysics represents the One Religion and Psychology the One Science.

Sciences of Soul and Mind

Metaphysics may be regarded as the Science of Soul, and psychology as the Science of Mind. Metaphysics constitutes pure science; and, in contrast, psychology represents applied science. Metaphysics concerns the transmission of spiritual energy into mental powers, while psychology covers the transmutation of mental powers into physical activities. The harmonious blending of metaphysics and psychology constitutes Metaphysical Psychology, Spiritual Science, or Scientific Religion. Its practice enables man to realize his possession of powers usually ascribed to Divinity.

Irrespective of seeming opposition, Unity is of the essence of all contending forces, agencies, thoughts and personalities. Truth is symbolized by the circle, each part of which is related to every other part. The relations between respective parts of the circumference are suggested by the wheel, with spokes radiating equally from a common center of Truth to the differentiated sectors of its circumference.

Motive and Attitude: Means and Methods

The spiritual and mental are often assumed to be antagonistic, and their formulations are quite dissimilar. They represent two different planes of activity and they are in evident contrast. But they are necessary complements. The spiritual concerns itself with motive and attitude, while the mental looks to means and methods. The internal and external are unital and in mutual correspondence: motive and attitude require means and methods for their advantageous expression. Alone each is ineffectual; while in combination they create, attract and manipulate most effectually in the world of form. It was wisdom to engage them in team-work, and ignorance to have them work in single harness.

Evolution of Consciousness

The evolution of consciousness can be traced from the mineral kingdom, through the vegetable, animal and human realms, to the Divine. Each higher aspect includes the lower ones, which continue to exist, and over which the higher possesses varying degrees of conscious control. At its higher levels of self-consciousness, humanity increasingly assumes dominion over the world of form, including its own mental and physical organisms.

It then acquires the ability to retain its mental peace and physical health, or to restore these conditions as circumstances may require. With the requisite mental motive and attitude, it makes use of physical means and methods whereby it transmutes spiritual energy into mental power with which it induces the physical realm to contribute to its creative purposes. It is through the practice of metaphysical psychology that spiritual energy may thus be intelligently and purposely manifested in appropriate physical activities.

The Conscious to Dominate

The subconscious, as instinct, is a faculty of all life-forms; its function being the preservation of the species. Until human self-consciousness emerged the subconscious was the sole representative on the physical plane of the Universal Life.

With this added aspect of consciousness, man became the conscious possessor of power wherewith to direct his subconscious, both for the preservation of his own form and also as a means of directing the flow of the Superconscious. Man may express mentally and manifest physically the exalted qualities and powers that in the past have usually been ascribed solely to the Infinite.

Assuming and Manifesting

Before one has reached an understanding of an aspect of Truth, he may assume its validity; and if he supplement this by acting upon his assumption, its effect—even though it be but temporary—will be in character the same as though it were the product of his certain knowledge. Its mental assumption, aided by its physical manifestation, will impress it upon the subconscious, from which it may be transmuted into complete conscious possession.

Universal and Individual

Spiritual power is designed to be expended according to spiritual laws, or in accord with spiritual motive and attitude. The spiritual motive is Love and its attitude is Co-operation. Mental energy is designed to be expended pursuant to mental laws, in accord with mental means and methods. The Spiritual represents the Universal and the mental the individual, with respective interests that are at seeming variance. Only wisdom may harmonize them.

The higher Principle must dominate the lower; the larger Law must prevail over the smaller. The spiritual must infuse the mental, and its motive and attitude pervade mental means and methods. The mental must carry to the physical its inflow from the Spiritual. The control of other persons and things must be accompanied by the Universal motive. Competition must be tempered by co-operation. Spiritual giving must accompany physical taking. The will to take must be infused with the will to give. The attitude of service for profit must carry with it the service motive of Love.

Balancing of Compensating Forces

The balancing of two compensating forces would seem to be a favorite device of universal activity. Centrifugal and centripetal forces are complementary, while action and reaction are equal and from opposite directions. The same

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SOIL AND SOUL

By LILLIAN R. CARQUE
Kar-Kay Natural Foods Research

NUTRITIONISTS are rapidly awakening to the recognition that plants require a certain well-proportioned quantity of all the necessary mineral elements for their healthy growth, just as man and animals do; that insufficiently or wrongly nourished plants, like the animal and human kingdoms, fall a prey to diseases more quickly than those specimens which are well nourished. Few physicians realize that an unsuspected factor in disease is largely the result of impoverished foods grown on impoverished soil, inadequately supplied with essential organic salts. Insect infestation, germs and microbes in soil, plant and food alike are one of the effects and not the cause of a deplorable soil and food situation. Micro-organisms cannot live and propagate on sound and healthy tissues, whether they be of plant, animal or human.

Thus we see, for instance, in cow's milk a variation of the total mineral matter from 0.35 per cent to 1.21 per cent; in grapes from 0.36 to 0.70 per cent; in potatoes from 0.42 to 1.46 per cent; in peas from 1.76 to 3.49 per cent, while sodium, calcium and iron vary as follows:

	SODA:	LIME:	IRON:
	(Per Cent of Total Mineral Matter)		
In milk—			
	from 8.60 to 11.18	17.31 to 27.55	0.33 to 0.76
In grapes—			
	from 0.29 to 10.54	1.70 to 22.60	0.05 to 1.68
In potatoes—			
	from none to 16.93	0.51 to 6.23	0.04 to 7.18
In peas—			
	from none to 3.54	2.31 to 7.90	none to 3.83

According to Watts and other chemists, the following variations in percentage of iron to total amount of mineral matter is revealed in different cereals:

In oats from 0.1 to 5.1; in barley from 0.1 to 2.1; in wheat from trace to 3.3; in millet from trace to 1.8; in rye from none to 2.2; in rice from none to 1.4; in corn from 0.05 to 0.8.

Similar variations could very likely be detected in all food products grown in different soils. Such changes may go on slowly and imperceptibly, but in the course of years the soil may deteriorate to such a degree that its products become of an inferior quality. Men and animals subsisting on such abnormal foods will eventually show various signs of degeneration, which reveal themselves in defective development of bones and tissues and in the lack of vital resistance or vital force or electricity.

There is a normal, rhythmic rate of vibration to which organic salts in soil and food serve as a link in the chain of that mysterious force requisite for harmonious regulation of healthy cellular or soil activity. When the link is broken by the absence of even one essential mineral, harmony ceases and discord ensues. Under adverse conditions, the duration of the soil's fertility will be sustained for a longer or shorter period, dependent upon the earth's final and complete utilization of its reserve stores of essential minerals, and the degree to which it exhausts its less important constituents to this end. The process of infertility is retarded or expedited, diminished in intensity or aggravated to the extent that the mineral salts are correctly or incorrectly balanced, and to the degree of the severity of the imbalance. But when the depletion period ultimately and inevitably is reached, the soil loses its vitality and its subsequent failure in fertility may be likened to a state of sterility in the human and animal kingdoms, devoid of regenerative capacity.

Despite the progress we have made in agriculture, soil culture and horticulture, our foods can be no better than our human relations. Have you ever stopped to realize that we are retarding the evolution of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms by our thoughts, for all life is one? The whole of nature moans in travail over the iniquities of man. Is it not reasonable to assume that the much lamented poisonous spraying to which trees and all vegetation are subjected are due to evil vibratory forces emanating from man himself, objectified into materiality in the form of bugs, worms, weevils, vermin, blight and other infestations despite many precautionary sanitary measures? The correct remineralization of the soil undeniably helps to mitigate man's evil emanations, but like healing agents and remedies, it merely serves as a palliative.

Humans breathe in oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide, which includes two atoms of oxygen to the molecule. Plants, including all vegetation and food-bearing trees, take up this gas from the air, which will support neither respiration nor combustion, decompose it by liberating the oxygen and retaining the carbon for the gradual building up of the plant and wooded parts of the tree in renewed life cycles. Thus we see the unceasing reciprocity and solidarity in Nature, the human kingdom impressing the vegetable kingdom with a purity or non-purity, resulting in either a normal growth or a degenerate yield.

Every good or evil action has its reactions as sharply perceptible as a stone flung into calm water. The circles whirl with greater or diminished intensity corresponding to the force with which the missile was hurled; not even the tiniest pebble is left untouched by its ripples. The disturbance is not alone one of surface visibility. Below, unseen, in every direction—outward and downward—drop pushes drop until the sides and bottom are touched by the pressure. Equally significant, the air above the water is perturbed, and the exertion for good or for ill originally propelled presses forward with great velocity from stratum to stratum out into space to the utmost confines of the universe. An impulse given to matter is never lost and can never be recalled. So, too, with agriculture involving the kingdoms below man, mineral and vegetable—our younger brothers. While the action may be instantaneous, the effects are eternal. Nothing in the solar system is at absolute rest; bodies that we consider at rest are actually in motion with the earth. Every particle of even seemingly inert, quiet and solid rock is in constant rapid motion and is conscious in its own degree on its own plane of development.

Many progressive agriculturists who advocate clean culture deprecate the use of commercial fertilizers and stable manures. They wholeheartedly recommend the use of the mineral bases occurring in finely pulverized primitive rocks, which when perfectly decomposed and judiciously mixed with humus make ideal fertilizers. The resultant benefits are vigorous plant growth and indirectly strong and healthy people. Yet the lower kingdoms have been fed by man's iniquity, impoverishing the mineral and vegetable kingdoms to a degree that render them unable to yield desirable foods for the body. This condition will endure so long as man continues to stimulate the fertility of Nature for his own selfishness and covetousness. As pure air is necessary for the nourishment of our gross physical bodies, so too are pure thinking, noble aspirations, sacrifice and right action essential to elaborate the finer forces or essences in all the kingdoms of Nature—man included.

Just as a child in kindergarten has the potential capacity for knowledge now actually acquired by the grown boy in the graduation class, so too do the kingdoms below the human differ from man only in degrees or states of consciousness or awareness. All the lower lives have within themselves the potentiality of becoming souls in the far-distant future, and it is man's duty to give them the right impetus and direction that they too may acquire individualized self-consciousness. The progress of evolving beings up through all the kingdoms is a continuous one, just as a continuous stream of pupils pass through the various grades in a school. In the far-distant future during another evolutionary cycle a great host of subhumans will graduate from the animal kingdom into the human, even as we did during the last evolutionary stream.

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Departure Cannot Be Averted

By RACHEL ALBRIGHT

THE click of French heels echoed spectrally on the spiral stairs of the Jumel House. The last of the sightseers—coeds from Iowa—finally were leaving. Crouched furtively against the balustrade in the upper hall, Nancy Alison heard the carefree voices calling bye-bye to the dignified old caretaker.

It seemed to Nancy that the girls were unbearably slow in departing. As she waited her palms grew wet. Being gallant was difficult when your body was cold with fear. She'd never thought that fear could be so real. Before this it had only been a word—like death—not quite understood and very far away.

Nancy mopped at her hands with a grimy little handkerchief. If only the old man didn't count the girls. Listening intently, ready to leap like a frightened rabbit for a safer covert, at last she heard the great doors closing, shutting out the dusk of April and rioting reflection of Manhattan lights. Shutting in no one—if only she could be sure of that—but the caretaker and herself.

The wide boards of the floor might creak betrayingly. They were two centuries old. Warily Nancy tiptoed into the dimness of the Washington bedroom. That would be as good a place to hide as any. Not that hiding would save her. It only meant deferring the thing a little. Odd how, when you know something tragic is impending, you keep trying to push it back. For another day! Another hour!

They'd discussed it once in psychology class. The dread of transition, of change, the teacher had glibly called it in the security of the schoolroom.

Nancy's silky lashes brushed the smudges of fatigue beneath her gray eyes. She turned longingly to the four-poster, faintly visible in the halflight. She'd had no sleep for two nights. It was queer that when this—*transition* was so close she could feel its chill, that she would want so much to sleep.

Queer, too, that she should pick for a hiding place this Colonial mansion without fire or lights. Alive only in the memories of its glittering past. The opaqueness of the twilight graying, the room seemed cold. Yet Nancy sensed from the room itself the warmth of a vague welcome. Perhaps something left over from generous hospitality long dead. Whatever it was, it had drawn her when miraculously she had escaped from Carlos Ghouletti a few hours before. Her hands grew clammy again. The whole thing was unbelievable. A week ago she would have been amused at the thought of herself, a shy young artist from the Village, ever meeting the most feared criminal in New York.

A sinister wind it had been that had blown her across Ghouletti's blood-stained path. She had tried to avoid the Cuban boy's cocktail party. She hadn't wanted to meet Ghouletti and—God knows—she hadn't wanted to see him kill the Cuban boy. Even if he never caught up with her.

He'll never look for me in the Jumel House, she'd promised herself as she fled up the Drive. Yet, intuitively her tired mind knew better. No matter where she went Ghouletti would find her. Somewhere behind her were slanted eyes in a pock-pitted face. Watching her. Waiting for darkness.

More than the chill of the twilight crept into Nancy's heart. She could hear the caretaker mounting the stairs. Crouching by the side of the bed farthest from the door, she almost held her breath. If he discovered her the police would be called. Not that that mattered, except that the police, so far, had been no match for Ghouletti, bent on murder. She slid to the floor and a board cried out in warning. The caretaker played his flashlight on the center of the room, then turned away. Maybe he was used to the complainings of old houses.

The night extended before Nancy interminably. Yet if she could see it through she felt the morning might somehow bring a reprieve. Life runs that way sometimes. At least, leaving the house with the first tourists would be easy.

It was a temptation not to call the caretaker and explain the situation. That would be the fair thing to do. She started to the door, then softly retraced her steps. The caretaker had seemed peculiar. Even hostile. He talked as if he himself were one of the great men who'd lived in that house. He even wore his long gray hair brushed back from his forehead in a pompadour cut.

"I'd feel sorry for any burglar," he'd boasted, "who'd try to rob this house." Guarding the treasures—from china to ancient costumes—once owned by Stephen Jumel, the Burrs and the Emperor, had become an obsession to him, more important than anything else. He'd never take a chance on a stray shot from Ghouletti's automatic striking a massive mirror or crystal chandelier, even to save a girl's life.

Nancy removed her hat, coat and shoes, turned down the counterpane and climbed gently into the ancient bed. It might break—crash loudly enough to wake the dead. Courteously it made no sound. As the slight figure sank into the feathers, the counterpane showed scarcely an outline.

The respite, brief as it might be, was good. Tomorrow at home in Albemarle County, Virginia, her little sisters would go flower-hunting. The woods were covered with Spring Beauties, they'd written her.

She wished a log were glowing in the fireplace. The flames would be reassuring. Washington, himself, had there gazed into the firelight, his heart heavy for a great cause that seemed lost. And Marquis de Lafayette had rested there. And Ben Franklin. Chivalrous Ben! If only they could come back! The Sly Fox, the gallant Frenchman, the doughty diplomat!

She wouldn't dare sleep. She must listen closely all night long. Be prepared for whatever came, yet, with her soft young cheek cupped in her hand she slept lightly while the moonlight etched its way across the room. The noise that awakened her was more persistent than loud. She sensed the evil behind it. Her eyes flashed in terror and her heart seemed to crowd her throat.

A window, grumbling at alien hands, was being forced open. Inch by slow inch the window ascended, compelled by a thick arm and outspread fingers. It was like a nightmare—the looming of Ghouletti's egg-shaped head, the squatty leg thrust over the sill, the glint of steel pointing at the four-poster. The girl shut her eyes—*Now I lay me down to sleep—No, please, God, not this way.*

Fizz! Fizz! The low sounds might have been a firecracker sputtering out.

Instantly the room seemed flooded with light. Ghouletti's voice, screaming yet throttled, gashed the silence. Nancy's eyes, half-blinded, made out a fantastic figure facing Ghouletti. A replica of a painting downstairs. Nankeen knee breeches, long silk hose, ribboned queue and greatcoat of camlet. The figure stood proudly, almost debonairly. She couldn't see the face but the right hand gripped an unsheathed sword.

The old caretaker, of course! Dressed up—dramatizing himself but so bravely. Trying to frighten Ghouletti away. Not knowing Ghouletti was a killer. That he would be thrilled to quickly kill again.

It couldn't be true—couldn't possibly happen—and yet it was happening! The old caretaker was getting away with his mad stunt. Such things didn't happen in this world—yet Nancy saw the gun—it was the one with the silencer — drop from the thick fingers. Ghouletti's eyes seemed frozen with horror. She shut her own eyes to be spared the revolting graying like a corpse of Ghouletti's living face. She heard a dull thud as if he had fallen to the ground.

She heard something else, too. It sounded like water dripping from the eaves. Drip—drip—drip it went. Her hand seemed to be wet, too. But that

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HOW I BEGAN TO PAINT

By CHARLOTTE G. FRIETSCH GUNTER

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THE succession of dream lessons also promoted intrepidity of spirit. I became confident, even bold. I began trying out my work on others who were inclined to be skeptical as to my assertions that I had suddenly begun to paint. These suspicions were easily annihilated in view of the fact that I was too young to have traveled around much in search of a great master's companionship, and also because nearly everyone who knew me were also acquainted with my method of seeking an untrammeled existence free from the heckling environment of my aristocratic, iron-clad respectable relatives, who, by the way, considered it a disgrace that I had run away from them and was seeking to earn an honest living in my own way. Nature had, indeed, given a great many of my relatives a queer twist in the upper story in that, far from admiring my intrepid spirit and the success following in consequence, they still sought to balk me. Their attempts were more futile than trying to pick the stars from the heavens above.

As I kept sedulously painting several hours daily, preferably at night since I had to earn money during the day, acquaintances and friends urged me to show my work to a connoisseur. One gentleman happened to be the owner of a well known gallery where prominent exhibitions were held from week to week. Neophyte though I was, he was invited to view my work. He seemed to be favorably impressed and I flatter myself that he was not just being gallant because I was an American girl on foreign ground. I am sure he must have been honest in his remarks and criticism, since he was ready to rent his gallery to me and I feel certain that he would not have risked his reputation as a connoisseur even for an American girl. I had really not thought of venturing upon an exhibit at so green a stage, although I may have entertained the idea for some future occasion. It must also be remembered that then as now I was daily occupied with numerous other duties and tasks. At that time, however, I was engaged from six to seven hours a day with literary work and in giving instruction. My hours of painting were just so many delectable meals to my starving soul. Every moment that other girls spent in dancing, going to shows or other social functions, I devoted to my painting, it mattered not whether it was night or day. Actually, I paint with greater zeal during the hours of the night. My dreams led my brush; and I learned to paint in great haste, in a frenzied hurry, I might well say, in order not to lose the subtle inspiration, subtly arrived at, as they were. Even now, I seem to paint in a frenzied hurry or not at all. When engaged in this work or any creative work I do not stir from the spot until the thing I am creating is completed. Food and sleep are of little importance at such times. I derive sustenance from my work.

It is also a question of timing myself. When I sit down to paint I set a certain time for the accomplishment of a given design or picture. I never fall down on my assignment; and this method has become so much a habit now that I do not even have to glance at the clock to ascertain whether I am keeping within the set limit of time.

But to return to my first exhibit. Far was it from my thought to hold it jointly with anyone else. I thought too well of my work for such a procedure. Finally I found what I considered a suitable though temporary harbor for my treasures. This was The House of Peers. It was a vast, imposing hall, with the coat-of-arms of that country's nobility hovering on a distant wall, much like guardian angels of my spirit children. This seemed to be the very atmosphere for the type of art I had to offer to the cold stare of the world. Being of a practical nature, I had as a safety measure produced one hundred small water colors, diminutive in size and moderate in price, thus to induce the visitors to carry one away with them as a memento of the occasion. They sold at so low a price that whosoever gazed upon them would no doubt be ashamed to leave THE HOUSE OF PEERS without having invested a few marks in my productions. Psychologically, I was quite right. I sold nearly every one of them and made my expenses outside of a small profit since I also sold some of my larger paintings. There was, as well, a small entrance fee which helped swell the receipts, greatly to my satisfaction. Most gratifying of all was that quite distinguished personages purchased my creations. In fact, I considered my exhibit a success. This seems all the stranger because I had only been at this work about a year or a year and a half. I had at the same time to work hard at my other pursuits in order to make both ends meet, being torn, as it were, between Scylla and Charybdis. But the exhibit was held. People came and stared and wondered both about my pictures and about me. Especially my symbolical paintings held some spellbound and others in the toils of distress, the latter being the case with some of the critics whose dispositions had been soured by too much picture-gazing. Some compared me favorably with Corot and Kandinsky, but unfortunately the pictures that brought me momentarily into such close relationship with these great ones were forthwith sold and lost to me. Of course, I like to sell my work, but it feels as if I were undergoing a painful operation in so doing.

The paintings which caused the greatest consternation, some of which I sold despite the commotion, paraded under very bold names, such as: "THE ISIS BIRDS" (belonging to a FAIRY TALE, "The Sphinx," a reproduction of which appeared in one of the current magazines with the story accompanying the picture, being translated by me into Swedish. There were, too, such names as "THE THOUGHT WORLD" (I still have that), "THE DRYADS," "AFTER DEATH" (original sold) "SATURN" (destroyed enroute home during the great war) "THE BIRTH OF THE SOUL" (I still have that), and last but not least, "THE EVIL SPIRITS" (damaged in transit).

Naturally such subjects as these excited the curiosity of the many and the interest of the few. At all events a great crowd came and went and bought. Some marveled that my imagination could harbor so many peculiar creatures, especially the ones represented in the form of "THE EVIL SPIRITS," in the picture by the same name. It was the picture of "THE EVIL SPIRITS," I may say, that proved to me indubitably the fact of their existence in some invisible world.

My painting, which I called "THE EVIL SPIRITS" was the result of a dream. It came to me thus. It was midnight. I had just laid aside the book I had been studying, preparatory to setting about my nightly meditation. The book, "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," may indirectly have furthered my objects since I looked upon this book then as one of my Bibles. Be that as it may, the meditations contained in that excellent book bore no resemblance whatsoever to the form of my meditations which were mystic in essence and were directed as petitions to the universal forces around me. This night I had decided to meditate on the significance of the empyraen fire rather than on the physical aspect thereof, although I deem that the physical fire is a reflection in matter of the Divine fire. Being at the moment very appropriately supplied with an interesting fire in an open grate, I sat down before this material fire intent upon directing my meditation to the Divine forces, using the fire before me as a channel and a focusing point. Thus I passed two hours. I sat immobile, my eyes fixed on the burning embers, until the fire died out. I dwelt on the meaning of fire in all

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The Welding of the Forces . . . Alchemy

By ETHYL BODENBURG

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(Continued from June)

LET us start at the very beginning as we understand it, when we were sparks of Divine spirit and follow these sparks down to the present where they now inhabit as human spirit the human body. Let us try and find out about this thing called Evolution according to antiquity and the philosophers. These teachings of the philosophers or wise men of past ages, have been perpetuated through universal symbolism and handed to us of the present time through the medium of the seven centers of civilization; they are unorthodox and in order to *understand* these teachings we must have alchemized our being to the degree that we are endowed with great spiritual light. If these teachings *appeal to you, hold to them,* if not, *let them go. If you hold to them—know that you have arisen to a greater degree of spiritual light than ordinary humanity* — but *know* also that there is *plenty more work for you to do. If you let them go—remember* that *somewhere, sometime,* you will *have to pick them up either on the physical or astral planes of life and evolve through them for your own soul's progression and the evolution of the world.*

Let us talk in symbolism; there are four trinities which belong to the four-dimensional world and are analogous to the air, fire, water and earth signs of the zodiac. The first trinity, the *air trinity,* represents space, darkness, harmony, glory and love; the *supreme and universal soul of super-celestial worlds.* This is the root substance of all manifestation—the cosmic root substance—it is a bi-sexual state containing within itself the Father-Mother principle. It is called the *first cause.* It is a positive state; we liken it to an egg, for we all know that an egg is bi-sexual, its golden color signifies the electric spirit force which emerges from the central power station. This electric force is the *life* of all creation. The creative state is the male principle and is called the fountain of life as it flows through the ages; the motive or motion in this creative state is the female principle, and is called the tree of life, or the womb of creation and generation. (The great ones inspire me with this message, that the air signs are endowed with duality; in their highest aspect on the spiritual side they are cosmic-conscious states of life, and that man who reaches the degrees of cosmic-consciousness on this earth plane is in touch with the Father-Mother principle through the medium of the Holy Ghost or Son, the Christ. The cosmic-conscious state of immortality under the direction of self-consciousness in applying cosmic law for the evolution of the world and mankind is the highest state which can be reached by man while he dwells in a flesh body.)

The air signs are analogous with the angelic worlds or state of being.

Out of the first trinity was manifested a second trinity called the fire signs; through this trinity Wisdom is made manifest on the earth plane. This is a state of super-consciousness, and in its highest aspect is analogous with the spiritual worlds or state of being.

From out of the second trinity a third trinity was born, called the water signs by the ancient wise men who studied the message of the stars in the heavens. These signs are states of sub-consciousness and in their highest aspect are analogous with the astral world or state of astral being. Through this trinity, love is made manifest on the earth plane.

The fourth trinity in this fourth dimensional world manifests through the earth signs of the zodiac. This is a state of material consciousness, but, *man* who stands on the mountain top of the animal kingdom, and in the *valley* of the spiritual kingdom, has the power through the link of spirit with the celestial state of being to transcend the astral or desire world, build himself a spiritual or solar body out of astral substance (thought substance), transcend the spiritual state of being through the Divine marriage —marriage of Love and Wisdom—attaining thereby his lost estate in the angelic world. Through the Divine marriage the contact with the ego and man's true spiritual mate is made. These *two-in-one* male and female can together lift themselves or transcend the angelic worlds and attain immortality in cosmic consciousness. *This requires Alchemy, Alchemy of being, harvesting the golden grain from all experience, changing thought processes and habit systems, having the Wisdom to make (spiritual love as an incentive) bodies in which to function in astral substance and in spiritual substance. The ego is master beyond the spiritual state.*

There are seven cosmic planes or seven cosmic laws; we are concerned only with the seventh, which rules our earth.

A triangle has three sides, denoting Father-Mother-Son principle; this is the *mystic three of the ancients.* Man is twelve fold, six positive and six negative energies entering his constitution through the twelve signs of the Zodiac —four trinities—two belonging to the *upper* strata of consciousness and two belonging to the *lower.* Interlace the *fire* and the *air* triangles and we make a six-pointed star, each one of these points and the zodiacal sign which it represents is ruled by a Cosmic Law, but there are seven cosmic planes. We must find out what the ancients meant by the *mystic seven.* These six cosmic planes rule the *regenerate sex force.* They are the positive aspects and rule the positive signs of the Zodiac.

We have given you a blue print of Spirit before its descent into matter. *You have been mind traveling through the three heaven worlds.*

The six positive air and fire signs of the Zodiac or cosmic laws gave birth to their negative aspects; these are pictured as the water and earth signs of the Zodiac and come under the rule of the *seventh Cosmic Law which is the Law of Sagittarius, the fire sign of super-conscious duality.* The number seven expresses *action* and *completion,* and is the number of perfect form on the physical plane. Its *Cosmic relationship* to the physical plane is *dominion of intelligence over all action,* hence complete *victory over all temptation.* This is the *mystic seven* of the *ancients.* The Seventh Cosmic Plane rules the *generative force of sex.*

The Seven Cosmic Laws or Planes according to the Bible and the Book of Genesis are ruled by the seven great logos or Elohim. The Elohim were the Divine persons who created the Heavens and the Earth (our solar system, pictured by the Zodiac, the Sun, Moon and the Planets which rule the signs and the houses). The Elohim are not the first cause, but are a creative hierarchy who were active in the evolution of our earth and its solar system.

With your mind, travel with me into the water signs which rule desire and give astral sight through astral light. In this Astral desire world before entering an earthly condition we find the hypothetical Garden of Eden. Spiritual life is bi-sexual. The Lord or Cosmic Laws decreed that Spirit should descend into matter and the Seventh Cosmic Plane or Earth and its subdivisions should be a school wherein Spirit should learn to identify itself. Spiritualists know the astral light or desire world, for this is where they meet the familiar spirits, those loved ones gone beyond. The story of Adam and Eve in the Paradisical Garden is no more, no less, than the story of the separation of sex and the Astral realms or the desire world. The serpent in the Garden represents wisdom and sex-power. It is the sex force through which all Creation comes into Generation; it is also the sex force which regenerates generation. The Bible states that Eve tempted Adam with an apple, and he did eat; does not Eve today tempt Adam, and where is the Adam that will not eat

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Is Man the Victim of His Own Ignorance?

By J. S. OLDER

MAN is said to be made in the likeness of his maker. This is either a gross falsehood, or man must necessarily be living on a totally false basis, ignorant of his own heritage.

The true man, the man who might claim a resemblance to his maker, is not one who is afraid of his own shadow.

Yet the fact remains that out of a thousand men less than a dozen have the courage to voice their own convictions, when such expression is in disagreement with accepted fact or belief. It is, however, safe to assume that the good book is in some measure correct in its claim that man is made in the likeness of his maker.

If man has been unable to prove the truth of this claim, or to see in it a governing law affecting all humans, then possibly man has been seeking in the wrong direction, mistaking the real (Soul or Spiritual self) for the unreal, while mistaking the body (mortal and carnal self) as the real.

This is much like looking for the sun at midnight, and not finding it, proclaim its non-existence as a truth.

All can, however, agree that man is sufficiently in the likeness of his maker to be a free agent. He is a center of infinite possibilities and can choose either freedom or serfdom as his station in life.

Man is made in the likeness of his maker, not in his human or carnal self which is simply a conglomeration of selfish desires, but in his Soulual or Spiritual nature.

Every man who properly claims his heritage can truly be as a king, and every woman as a queen.

No man was ever born who did not possess at least one talent through which he could achieve success.

Men in every walk of life, through study, experience and co-operation with others, can greatly multiply their abilities, so that where originally there was but one talent, there are in adult years a greatly multiplied number of talents.

But it is a fact nevertheless that man, having gained numerous talents refuses to apply himself, refuses to make use of his talents. He uses his free will to attract failure instead of success. He is always in hopes that something will turn up that will give him everything he desires without his having to work for it. Many men gamble on the stock market, follow the races, often lead a life of crime, and do just about everything else on the calendar of life to sidestep the law of action and reaction, until finally the law catches up with him and he is forced to "pay to the last farthing." This action is sometimes delayed during the present lifetime, but the time of reckoning comes to each and every one.

What can man do to co-operate with the law of exact justice and thus earn success, peace of mind, health and well-being in every department of life?

Man is a creator. Man is made in the likeness of his maker and cannot help being a creator. Man creates through his thoughts. Man thinks himself into success or failure. Man pictures himself as a shriveling weakling, afraid of his own shadow, and through the law of action and reaction he cannot help but actually develop into a shriveling weakling and a failure.

Through his thinking, man draws to himself all the degrading misery and failure on the face of the earth. Man is a failure because he is the victim of his own gross ignorance.

In the entire world there is not a single adult who is not in his present position and environment because during the past he has pictured this condition to himself and has planted himself in the center of it, there to sprout and grow until he has reached his present status in life.

Many may protest and say that it is ridiculous to claim that man uses his thoughts to attract failure. Perhaps, but the fact remains that man fears failure. He thinks about failure as a possibility. Even while trying to work away from it, he is giving life to it by keeping the possibility in his mind, and of course, the law of exact justice deposits failure at his doorsteps.

To fear anything is to attract it. "I feared that which has come upon me."

The AEth Priesthood, dating back to ancient Egypt and originating on the continent of Atlantis some 30,000 years ago, has been the keeper of the secret laws throughout the centuries, and while this organization exists today in secrecy and silence, many of the closely guarded secret laws have been permitted to reach the public.

One of the Hierarchy of this secret order writes:

"No man comes into the world so poorly equipped that he does not possess at least one quality which, if developed, will bring him success. There is more to look forward to. The first handicap overcome, the first success won, it can be so used or directed as to open up other avenues so that the one "talent" may be changed into yet other talents. Success is in the form of a ladder. It must be climbed to reach the top. The pity of it all is that so few out of the many millions are neither ready nor willing to take the first step. These masses are not satisfied with what they are, or what they have, nor do they possess the moral character to make the necessary efforts to overcome their inertia. It is easier to stand idly by and condemn others who do make the necessary efforts to overcome their inertia and achieve the success that might have been theirs."

Elsewhere this same authority writes:

"We are our own creators. We are wholly responsible for all that we will be; that within us is the substance and the capability, as well as the capacity to become exactly what we desire to be, and that, whether the finished product be to the glory of God, or such as to shame the devil, we created it and we alone are responsible for it. Neither environments, birth nor temptations are to blame. Our own choice can make these what we will; immense and almost unbelievable material success, honor and high spiritual (Soul) attainment, or the reverse; failure, physical and mental degradation, and finally, destruction of our spiritual birthright, Immortality."

While the mind is a powerful instrument for good or evil, the Secret Schools maintain that Soul power is so much greater than mind power, that in comparison, mind power dwarfs into insignificance.

In most men the Soul exists simply as a seed. It has not been brought into conscious activity. To develop Soul consciousness is one of the greatest of all accomplishments available to man. It is the process recognized as man claiming his birthright or rightful heritage as sons and daughters of God.

With Soul development comes the wisdom of a Solomon; the power and ability to read thoughts; to know the past, present and future; to possess the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine; the power to subdue the wildest beasts; to charm serpents; to conquer love and hate, and to force Nature to give in to him whenever he so desires.

The path to Soul development is straight and narrow. It is not an easy path to travel. It requires patience, persistence, sacrifices of all carnal and undesirable habits, and the transmutation of all ignoble thoughts of hate, jealousy, ill-will, etc., into thoughts of love and good will toward all humanity.

Whether the desire is for Soul development or material success, the same law governs both. Mere desire or faith is absolutely useless unless supported by determined effort.

All the faith in the world is simply wasted effort, unless that faith is strong enough so that the individual is willing to fight for, and slave for, the accomplishment of his desire.

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The Relation of the Emotions to the Psychic Faculties

By ROBERT M. HUMPHREYS

OF THE manifold abilities of the human mind, there is none that appears to be so little understood or appreciated as that of the emotions, or the ability to feel, mentally. To attempt to convey an adequate idea of the importance of these mental abilities, or of the tremendous influence they exert on the activities of our daily lives, is far beyond the limits of a single article. To do so would require the writing of a volume of considerable size.

Next to physical sensation, the emotions, or the ability to feel mentally, is the most primordial of all the mental faculties; it is possessed by all organisms that have developed sensation. It is the emotions that form the connecting link between all the other mental faculties possessed by human beings. It is the emotions that give force to the will, and it is also the emotions that are the activating energy back of the thinking of dynamic thoughts; it is the only connecting link between the conscious mind and the physical life force. It embraces every shade of mental feeling known to man, from purely physical sensation up through the entire gamut of feeling and includes all those exalted emotions that we know as the Spiritual. It is the activating force that is responsible for most of the daily actions of the individual and is the determining factor in the destiny of nations. It is the foundation stone on which all civilizations of which we have any authentic record have been built in the past, and on which the civilization of the present day rests. There is ample proof of this statement to be found in all history, ancient and modern. Unfortunately for the well-being of the human race, the predominating emotions of humanity for the past several thousand years have been greed, avarice and ambition for personal gain and power. Last, but by no means least, emotion is the connecting link between the conscious mind and what we usually call the subconscious mind; the bridge that spans the gap between consciousness and that great storehouse of knowledge and power, the subconscious; that submerged primal mind that is so intimately connected with the primal life force.

To mention a few of the ways in which the emotions influence our lives, it is worth noting that character and temperament are emotional products; these being merely modified by our intellectual abilities, and that our success in life or lack of it, depends almost entirely on the emotional reactions we produce in the minds of those with whom we come in contact. The emotions are also the faculty of realization; it is one thing to *know* a thing intellectually, and another to realize it emotionally. We may know for example, intellectually, that a certain thing is a fact and store it away in our memory as such, but the *realization* of the significance of that fact must come through the emotions. What I mean is this: we may have heard or read of some catastrophe in which lives were lost, or of people starving for lack of food. We say, "too bad," and that is the extent of the impression made on us. Or, it may have been an account of a wonderful symphony or of a magnificent sunset. We say, "it must have been very pretty." Intellectually we know these things to have been horrible or pathetic, wonderful or magnificent, but they do not impress us because we have no emotional realization of their meaning. Had we witnessed them or had we read one of those rare descriptions in which we *live* the scenes portrayed, then they would have been living and not dead facts in our lives.

It is not a generally recognized fact but our esthetic senses, our appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art, is distinctly within the scope of the emotions, and much of our ability as artists, musicians, sculptors or architects is the result of our emotional reactions. Artists are notoriously temperamental, and noted as much for their temperamental tantrums as for their artistic abilities, while other instructors, generally entirely ignorant of the nature of the emotions, proceeds to develop these abilities, blissfully unconscious of the fact that these finer emotions that give them these abilities could, under proper direction and training, be made to build beautiful lives as well as to develop great artists.

When we read of some psychic manifestation or phenomenon, or such has come under our observation, if we examine closely enough into the circumstances under which it occurred we will find, inevitably, that the person to whom the phenomenon was manifest either then was, or had been, subject to some powerful emotional stimulant. All down through the ages psychic phenomena of many sorts have occurred, from seeing the forms of the departed and hearing voices to that of seeing magnificent visions—that sometimes changed the destiny of nations—or of journeyings to places far outside the limitations of human consciousness under what we are accustomed to call ordinary circumstances. There are two things in the history of psychic manifestations that have always been coexistent with them, and both are powerful emotional stimulants; that is, sex and religion. In nearly all the older, or what is generally termed nature religions, sex played an important part in their ceremonies, and it still plays an important although repressed part in the religions of today.

All these nature religions were based on psychic manifestations, and they owed their continued existence century after century simply because, in vulgar parlance, they were able to deliver the goods. These ancient nature religions actually did produce prophets, soothsayers and healers who, if such accounts as have come down to us are to be trusted, actually did benefit those who consulted them and were able in some instances at least to insure a measure of prosperity in the communities in which they lived; at least they were able to accomplish enough good that they maintained their standing and were generally respected, even venerated. The evidence that has come down to us very plainly indicates that the ceremonies, dances and ritualisms of all these ancient religions were highly emotional in character, as were the ceremonies of initiating the novice into the priesthood, or into the practice of the mysteries. By the time the Roman Empire had risen to the height of its power and influence, these mysteries had degenerated into rather wild sex orgies, or that is the impression gathered from the rather meager accounts that have come down to us.

The founding of the Christian religion witnessed what is probably the most notable psychic manifestations that the world has ever witnessed, and it is noteworthy that its founder, the man Joseph who eventually attained the name of JESUS, and later that of THE CHRIST or "The Annointed of God," was not *born* with these psychic or spiritual powers, but attained them through study, concentration and meditation. Concentration and meditation being, in all probability, the most powerful emotional stimulants known to man. It was by this means that the Sages, Magicians, Philosophers and Masters attained their very remarkable powers. It is a known fact that the early Christians retained this same power, even to restoring to life those who were executed for their religious beliefs. Religious exaltation—when it does not degenerate into religious fanaticism — is emotion of a lofty and idealistic character, being the golden cord that connects the conscious mind of the devotee with the deeper and more powerful subconscious faculties. This condition of affairs lasted for about three centuries, or until the Emperor Constantine *absorbed* the Christian church for political purposes.

(Continued next month)

THINGS I DON'T UNDERSTAND

By BORNY HELMOS REDDY

WHEN a small boy I used to await with great impatience the all too infrequent visits of several old cronies of my grandfather. At those times I would breathlessly listen to tales of uncanny happenings believed to have been caused by "spooks." After a series of such tales I would go to bed and lie awake for some time wondering just what "made the wheels go round." At no time did a feeling of fear intrude, but rather an intense interest which did not grow less with the passing of time. Growing older, but not necessarily wiser, I neglected no opportunity to observe and investigate the peculiar manifestations, which I learned later were caused by those mysterious psychic forces so frequently mentioned nowadays.

In course of time I became an engineer and for many years occupied the position of chief engineer of large manufacturing plants; I mention this because of the fact that the practice of engineering requires close attention to the most minute details. Therefore, an engineer is a close observer by mere force of habit. Moreover, engineers must be familiar with and work in close accord with the forces of nature. In order to achieve success this is a necessity.

Of the incidents to be described later, I relied upon close observation and never made any attempt to hog-tie or otherwise curtail the movements of a medium, nor made her conscious of being under a dark cloud of suspicion. By such means an amateur would-be investigator merely makes himself rediculous and the object of distrust and dislike, without the accomplishment of anything worth while.

Scientific investigation conducted by those of outstanding character, with open and unbiased minds, qualified by education and experience, with the aid of equipment and methods unknown to the man on the street, enable such to state positively that not only has there been no fraud, but that there has been no opportunity for the commission of fraud. However, the incidents described herein did not take place in a scientifically arranged and equipped laboratory. Instead they occurred during the ordinary everyday circumstances of an uneventful life.

The descriptions of the following incidents are not based upon facts; they are brief descriptions of facts personally observed. The reader may formulate his own explanations as well as discover the fraud or deception, wherever it may be.

Mysterious Raps

While out walking in a western city one evening, I noticed a sign in the window of a cottage. This sign informed all and sundry that a "circle" would be held there that evening. Still retaining vestiges of my original supply of inquisitiveness, I decided to attend. As it was too early I continued walking for a time. Returning later, I was ushered into a medium-sized room by a girl of perhaps fifteen years of age. The furniture consisted of an ancient davenport and an assortment of chairs in varying stages of decrepitude. These were arranged about the sides of the living room and provided seats for eighteen persons. The center of the floor was clear of any table or other obstruction. Above was a chandelier with four light bulbs—all lighted. Several persons were already seated when I entered and others followed until all seats were occupied, when the door was closed.

It was quite evident both from appearances and casual conversation that the majority were regular attendants, while several, like myself, were strangers. After all were seated, the girl previously mentioned, collected a small fee from each of those present, after which she left the room. Immediately afterwards, the medium came into the room and greeted each one in turn. After a prayer the medium gave a short lecture while in a trance condition. We were then instructed in the proper procedure: each one was to cross the legs so that the right foot was supported clear of the floor. In addition, each one was to prepare their question which they desired to have answered.

It was carefully explained that each one would obtain the answers to their questions by means of "raps" on the sole of the shoe on the extended foot. One rap for *no*, two raps for *unknown* or *doubtful*, and three raps for *yes*. One could ask the questions either audibly or mentally. Pointing to each one in turn, the medium would address her "unseen helper" and say: "John, will you rap on this gentleman's shoe?" and immediately there would be a tap on the sole of that person's shoe. The taps could be heard by those sitting in the room. They were light and sharp, such as might be produced by someone tapping lightly with the end of a pencil—*and they could be felt.* The first tap indicated to the recipient that he should ask his question. Both mental and audible questions were answered in accordance with the code mentioned above.

This manifestation occurred in the brightly lighted room, to friend and stranger alike. In the meantime the medium was seated to one side of the room with her hands in her lap. At times she would engage in conversation with a friend sitting nearby; meanwhile the raps were being given in reply to the questions. I left there without learning how the raps were produced.

The Excited Dog

At one time I enjoyed the privilege of attending a series of seances held in the bedroom of a private home. The room was prepared for excluding light from entering through the windows. Two wide curtains were suspended from rods placed near the ceiling in one corner of the room. Thus these curtains formed a square enclosure about four feet on each side. During the seances the medium sat upon a common dining chair within this "cabinet."

This "circle" was not open to the public, and only four to six persons were admitted at any one time. There was no charge, as the purpose of the seances was to learn just what manifestations might be obtained. Sometimes a door would be left slightly ajar, so that a dim illumination would be reflected from an electric light in an adjoining room. Thus after a short period those present would be enabled to see quite plainly. No attempt will be made to describe materializations or other forms of manifestation those present saw or imagined they saw. It is not the intention of this brief description to permit it to become the basis of acrimonious argument by allwise skeptics. But I will attempt to describe what took place *outside* the seance-room.

The medium had a small Chihuahua dog that had a favorite nook in the living room. There on a cushion it usually lay, curled up into a small furry ball. One evening while an Indian, who had materialized was talking I had a shining idea—I was inquisitive. A strong desire to learn whether the forms appearing before us were real or merely delusions produced by the medium in some manner unknown to us, possessed me. So I asked this Indian if he would go out into the living room and scare the dog. In reply to my suggestion he merely said, "Me try!" and disappeared.

In a few seconds the sound of the high-pitched excited barking of the little dog was heard outside in the living room next to the room in which we were seated. By the sounds we knew the dog was running wildly around the room. After several trips around the living room the dog backed his body with a thump against the door to our

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THE POE

Life

by GUY EWING BAKER

How strange Life seems at times
  And dreary when we fail
To read between the lines.

Pain, heartaches and sorrow
  Because we put off things
Waiting for tomorrow.

We dream, we wish, we long
  For better times to come
And Life is like a song.

When brought out in plain view
  We sometimes face the facts
And find it is not you.

Better things we would do
  If only we would trust
As Jesus taught us to.

And Life would day by day
  Improve by the blessings
That come along our way.

Oh, may we strive, dear Lord
  To make Life happier
And live in one accord.

Guidance

by DOROTHY P. ALBAUGH

My hand is guided by a hand once known,
  And through my lips those other lips still speak.
Inheritance may come thus to the meek,
  Assisted now to reap what once was sown.

Krishna

by GRACE DICKINSON SPERLING

Out of the void, O Beautiful One,
  Thy voice arrested me;
Out of the radiance of the sun —
  Its silent mystery.

Emerge a moment, Beautiful One,
  I would behold Thy face;
I cannot see Thee for the sun,
  Nor dare the sweep of space.

Not so quickly, Beautiful One,
  Pause a moment, pray;
I cannot run where planets run —
  I walk the earth-born way.

Equanimity

by HARRIET PACKARD

In some parts of the world,
Mountains stand so grim,
Charged with prepollency,
The echo of a human voice,
With its reverberations,
May bring down masses
That have stood
Tottering for centuries.
The mass of social structure stands
Dangerously balanced by traditions
Mocked by hard beliefs of moderns,
That a dynamic spoken word—
Or white-hot written thought—
Reverberating through the press,
The cinema, or air waves,
May light a fatal fuse,
To latent forces, smoldering,
Which would wreck society,
And lay our Nation low.

The Cosmopolitan

by VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

I will not be a narrow patriot;
With Paine I say, "My country is the world,"
And I am not
The fettered slave of my poor flag, unfurled,
All other flags to scorn;
All men are brothers born;
Their flags
Are only bits of colored rags,
Mere trademarks, like tobacco tags.

I will not bow and scrape to puppet kings,
Or, while the mob its doggerel tribute sings
Unto their glory, mumble tory words that mean
Willing submission to a monarch's spleen.

Nor do I joy when jazzing clamor rings,
Of wartime mockeries and hollow strife;
War, real or pictured, claims sure toll of life—
Glad, joyous Life!

I'll pay devotion to a god of jade;
I'll kneel where black or white or brown has prayed
To spirits strange or idols bright arrayed;
I'll play at children's games much as you will,
And call it harmless exercise, but still,
I'll want a pinch of salt to season it
Just when you really start to reason it.

The man-made trumpery of laws and things,
Framed up by old fools while the strong young toiled,
Divide the world too much with class and creed;
For picturesque effect each race I need;
Some dote on garlic, others cabbage boiled
And frankfurters; some are cannibals,
Their flags and kingdoms are but shallow symbols;
More interest, how their females paint their jowls
Or wind their hair up; their farm stock and fowls;

Their fields, their cottages and garden gates,
Or, how they choose their wedded mates.

You ask too much that I should care,
Who does, or not, pay Caesar's share;
Or, who should die for king and flag.
The state is but a vaunted hag;
Fools think her virtuous and kiss her shoes;
They do not know her virtue is a ruse—
That men have bought her, sold her, times uncounted,
Till now her value is a bit discounted.

Yet, mine own land, I love, and people, comrades of her farms and fields;
Her prairies broad that golden fruitage yields;
Her shops and mills, and thoughtful, happy homes;
Her lakes and rivers—Nature's living poems;
I've caught her spirit, you may make her laws
And governments, fools their vain applause;
The same with other lands and men; I seek their souls;
You doll their bodies up in slavish roles
That make them pawns upon a board of fate
Playing and paying for a Whimful State.
No! I will not
Be, or be called a patriot.

TS' PAGE

Restoration

"—who can travel faster than his soul?" —Kathryn Cross

by PAUL JANS

Until a soul surmounts the final step
And makes its peace with universal law
It shall not be redeemed by any "rep"
But—like a diamond marked-down for its flaw:
Or like a flowered vase far from the sill,
In the remotest corner of the room,
Sweating not from the temperature and chill—
But, seeping from a break hid by the gloom—
It must discount its ornamental dress
And suffer too subconsciously, unwilled,
Because it loses substance . . . though few guess
How loving hands have tried to keep it filled.
No gift may fill the rift my heart must feel,
No lift shall either lend complete accord
Unless put back upon the potter's wheel—
Until His touch it cannot be restored.

Two Angels

by HAZEL MOSHER BUXTON

Two angels I grappled with,
One bright and strong and tall,
The other shrouded in gloom
I could scarcely see at all.
They swayed me back and forth
Till I knew not wrong from right,
"Dear God, I cried in fear,
Please hide me from their sight."
Then all at once, or so it seemed,
There was no dark angel at all;
The thing I had so greatly feared
Was my shadow upon the wall.

Be Kind

by LENORE OAKLEIGH

Oh brother, stretch a friendly hand
And rest it on the brow
Of weary, weighted, fellow-man—
Not someday hence—but now!

The future—let then come what may:
'Tis now the worldly need
Grows greater, each and every day,
More deeply mired in greed.

Thy brethren—take them to thy heart
And try to understand
That flame arises from a spark:
Wilt thou with-hold the brand?

Nature's Moods

by ETTA L. WARD

Man is powerless against the raging water's ire,
The leaping, burning flames of fire,
The hurricane's driving, whirling lash,
Summer's torrid heat or winter's icy blast,
A victim is he of nature's angry mood.

Nature in manifold forms is found,
Insatiate and a menace if unbound,
Docile and a friend to man's commands,
Excites his curiosity, thwarts his plans,
Piques his pride and powers tests,
And yet obeys all his behests.

Man discovered fire, the water binds,
Draws electricity from the air, harnesses the winds,
To create energy that drives and grinds,
To give us radiant heat and light,
Light as luminous as the sun is bright,
He speaks into space and the cosmos can hear,
Though his audience be far remote or near,
The obstacle of space he has spanned,
The stars has magnified and scanned,
When he is "lord" o'er the clouds he can ride,
And safely sail the tamed ocean wide,
A master is he when these are in his hands.

Vision

by ALLISTENE S. STARKEY

I dreamed I slept, and from my heavy sleep
I was awakened by an urgent shake.
I seemed to know I had a tryst to keep.
A clear voice said: "The time has come! Awake!"
I felt myself arise and cross the floor,
And down the hall I saw my family come.
We gathered in a group about a door,
To silently await a certain one.

A full-length mirror hung upon the wall,
And this I seemed to watch with gaze intent,
As though to find the answer to my call,
And why upon this mission I was bent.
The mirror misted, and I held my breath;
It cleared—a green hill seemed to take its shape,
And on this hill there walked the symbol Death,
From whom no earthly mortal can escape.

Behind him, looking neither left nor right,
A long unbroken line of figures paced,
And, with averted faces misted white,
His footsteps solemnly they seemed to trace.
A sense of disappointment filled my heart,
As one by one they passed the mirror's rim.
Confused, I saw these spirit souls depart,
And now the scene itself was growing dim.

The mirror clouded. I could see no more;
But suddenly the walls were turning bright.
Effulgency seemed rising from the floor
Until the room was blotted out by light.
A radiance that glowed and swiftly spread,
And then more brilliant than before, converged
Into a single spot. Out stepped the Dead—
As from this holy vapor she emerged.

Translucent beauty shone out of her eyes,
Her every feature held that mystic glow—
The Fire of Life—a flame that never dies
When lit in any soul. Though burning low
And darkened while on earth, lest dimmed by strife,
It flames in glory when the soul is free,
And clothes the spirit when it comes to life
To blaze forever in eternity!

She swept across the room so eagerly,
And smiling, kissed me swiftly on the cheek.
A sense of warmth seemed passed from her to me,
In sweet embrace. And then I heard her speak:
"I must go back!" She seemed to step away.
Her dear smile held me with its look of love.
The gathering mist rolled up. "Some other day—"
I faintly heard, as she was borne above.

TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By D. LEE RIDGEWAY

WHILE a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France my mother passed away and the following experience came to me:

Our regiment had moved to Contres, France, where we were to commence training men to be sent to the battle front. Shortly after arriving at this new location I had a very peculiar feeling, as of lonesomeness or depression. Several of the soldiers acquainted with me noticed that I kept aside from them and mentioned that there were plenty of girls in this new locality and that I would soon become acquainted and would forget those that I left behind.

June 15, 1918, a very peculiar sight or vision came to me. It seemed that I was in my mother's bedroom at home in Oregon and that I saw my mother lying in bed and my father sitting beside the bed. This was so plain that I was really scared at first. I heard them talking and heard my father say to my mother: "Mamma, I wish that the boys were here." She answered by saying, "I don't, papa, as I am so glad that they are where they are. They will return home alright, as there is an old tradition in our family that all of our family for hundreds of years have been volunteer soldiers and never has one ever been killed in battle." As soon as this vision passed I felt relieved and that lonesome feeling left me entirely.

Later I was one of the soldiers that was picked to help dedicate the Wilson Bridge at Lyons, France, July 14, 1918, and when we returned back to Contres, July 18, 1918, the Supply Sergeant handed me a letter and as soon as I touched the letter I said, "Sergeant, my mother is dead." He said, "How do you know it, you haven't read the letter yet?" I said, "That letter is from my sister and that is what she says." He said that he would bet me a quart of Vin Blanc that I couldn't tell him what was in the letter. I handed him the letter before I opened it and told him that the letter says, "Dear Brother: I don't know how to tell you but mamma died today. With love from your sister Katie."

The sergeant opened the letter to see if that was all that was in it and quickly handed it back to me, saying, "That is too spooky for me."

In 1919 when I returned to the United States I went home and told my father and sister what I had seen and heard at that time and they both said that what happened at the time of my mother's death was exactly as I had received while in France.

I SAW MY "DEAD" PET

By BERT SLATER

MANY who accept as a fact the continuance of life after the change we call "death" will claim this right to us humans exclusively. They will tell you that animals, birds and all other living things do not have a spirit, a soul. When an animal passes from physical life, that is the end of him; he no longer exists in any form, is their belief. This is not the truth, however. All living things on this planet must have a spirit, else there would be no life, and as spirit cannot die, then animals, birds and other living things enter into the spirit world the same as do human beings.

An experience which befell me a very short time ago gave me proof palpable that at least one animal is still living after passing from his physical life over a year ago. This animal was a large, very intelligent black cat. Mose was his name; he was with me for over seven years.

Much of the time I had no other companion but Mose. He was a good cat, well behaved and a wonderful hunter. Often he would bring in a squirrel or rabbit as large as himself. Always he would bring home whatever he killed. Once it was a ringtale larger than Mose himself. How he managed to kill that ringtale I cannot imagine, as a ringtale is a wicked fighter and more agile than a house-cat.

My home is a little log cabin nestling under the pines, close under the north rim of the Tonto Basin in Northeastern Arizona. For many years I have lived here, but one fall I decided to move down below and run my trap-lines on what is known as the "Black Mesa." My new camp was about fifteen miles south of my home cabin. The day I left I could not find Mose; no doubt he was out in the forest hunting. As I expected to return in a few days I thought I would get my cat then.

Bad weather came; I was unable to get back up under the rim for many days. When I did go back, I did not see Mose, but his tracks were around the cabin. I left an opening in one corner of a window so he could get in and out. Snow came early that fall; deep snow fell under the rim; I could not get back up so poor old Mose had to spend the winter by himself.

When spring came I returned to my cabin. My first thought was of Mose. I started looking for him, calling him, but no answering mew rewarded me. Then down in the cellar, stretched out in an empty box was the poor, emaciated body of my old pet, dead.

When the big snow came no doubt Mose had been in the cabin; the snow had piled up until it had reached far above the opening in the window and the poor fellow was unable to get out and find something to eat. He had starved to death.

Of course, I felt very, very sad, for I had a real affection for Mose. As I buried him under the apple trees I am forced to confess that my eyes were far from dry while I placed the sod over him and the thought persisted that, in a measure I was to blame. Had I taken Mose down with me that fall no doubt he would have been alive still.

I had arranged to spend the summer back down on the mesa, so after some little work around the cabin I returned to my camp. But I missed my old pet cat. At times it would seem Mose was near me in the evenings. I so often thought of him and wished he was still with me.

One night, along in midsummer after retiring I was thinking of Mose as I dropped off to sleep. It was a warm, moonlight night; I awoke to find myself sitting under a big juniper tree well up the steep side of the ridge to the east of my cabin under the rim. How I had gotten there I did not know nor did I seem to care. Below me, perhaps two hundred yards I could plainly see my cabin under the black walnut trees. I knew I was not having a "dream," yet I felt no great surprise or consternation for this was not my first experience in a projection of the Astral. I knew I was out of my physical body, also, I knew that soon I would return with no harm done to me.

Around me the tall pines were whispering their everlasting song as the night wind softly blew through the branches. I could even hear the low murmur of the little creek that flows by the cabin. I did not know why I had been projected and sent there; all I knew was that I was there and I was glad for I have found that when one is freed for a time from the prison of flesh it always proves to be an enjoyable vacation.

As I chanced to let my glance fall to the steep hillside I was surprised to see my old pet Mose slowly climbing

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Philosophy and Psychic Experience

By WALTER E. McBRIDE

Written for The Occult Digest

I WISH to give here an experience I had on the day President McKinley was shot in Buffalo, New York. I was at the time still at home and at work in a field driving a team. At the exact time McKinley was shot I saw it all and just what happened for a little while after, but it soon faded away. I was just as sure he had been shot as I am now and this is February, 1938. When I came in for supper I told my folks that McKinley had been shot in Buffalo. They asked me how I knew; all I could say was "I saw him shot." Well, they looked from one to the other and then at me, for they knew where I had been all the evening. I cut supper short and got away and said nothing more about it. The next morning I again went to work in the same field; as I crossed the road and started up a hill someone called to me at a turn of the road; I waited till he drove up and found it was a school teacher to whom I used to go. He said, "Have you heard the latest news?"

I replied, "I don't know if I have or not." He said, "McKinley was shot in Buffalo last night."

I said, "I know it!"

"Why, how did you know it; you just came from home? How did you know it—the message just came as I left Indian Springs?"

All I could say was, "I saw him shot"; his mouth fell open with a startled look and he stared at me till I started up the hill. I glanced back and he was still sitting there in his buggy; I went on my way, again glanced back and he was still sitting there looking at me as if he too thought I was crazy.

At that time there were no telephones in this part of the country and the subject of Occult and Psychic forces had never been heard of in these jungles. At noon when I came in some of the folks who had been out on the road had heard of it and began telling me of it.

"Well," I said, "I told you last night."

"But how did you know it?"

Again all I could say was "I saw him shot." They said I had guessed at it. "No, I did not; I saw him shot," and then described just how it was done and the excitement that followed. This has caused me to wonder just why I should see just what I did, so last August while at the Chesterfield Camp in Indiana I had a private reading with Nationally known Trumpet Medium, Evelyne Burnsides, of Kansas City, Missouri. While in conversation with my main guide and control, Dr. Proff, who was talking to me about the work I do in locating things, he spoke of the Law of Vibration. I said, "Doctor, that brings to my mind something I want to ask a question about."

"All right, let's have it; I will answer it if I can."

"Can you explain to me why I saw President McKinley shot at Buffalo when I was at home in Indiana, driving a team in a field? I have asked some of the best teachers and speakers here on these grounds at different times to explain it; they all explain by purely Clairvoyance and that does not satisfy me. I never saw McKinley in my life and was not thinking of him at the time. I know there is a natural reason for it. I was just as sure he had been shot as I am now. I told my people when I went home to supper that night that he had been shot. They asked me how I knew it and all I could say was 'I saw him shot,' which I did, but so far Clairvoyance does not answer or explain it to me."

"Yes, I think I can explain it. Each individual vibrates and functions on a certain wave length of vibration. Once in many thousands and sometimes more, there are found two or more persons who are on the same wave length of vibration or so near in unison that if either is disturbed the other may be aware of it in some way, if normal. You and McKinley were on the same wave length of vibration and when he was so violently disturbed and injured it affected you to the extent that you saw what had happened to him, though you had never met, and as you say, you were not thinking of him. Now I think I can give you some more proof of this. Do you remember, along in June there was a day you were very much disturbed, had an uneasy feeling, nervous — felt like you were going to hear some bad news or something like that?"

"Yes, if you mean this last June."

"Yes, this last June."

"Yes, I did, but I do not recall just what time in June it was."

"Well, I think it was about the 18th. Mrs. Burnsides, what time was it you and your sister Etta had the auto accident?"

"Well, we left Oakland on the 16th and—yes, it was on the 18th."

"I thought I was right. Now do you know why you had such a feeling?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, this is why. You and Evelyne are exactly on the same wave length of vibration. While she was hurt as Etta was (meaning Etta Bledsoe), yet she was very much excited and worried, which caused you to have the feeling you did."

"Doctor, I had not heard they had a smash-up till I came on these grounds."

"No, but that was why you felt as you did. Dr. North (one of Mrs. Burnside's main controls) and I have often talked of this and often tried to distinguish just where your two auras meet when you two are standing talking so that the two interlap. We have tried to find where the dividing line was, but have never been able to do so as they are so perfectly alike as to color and rate. This is why, when you come here, her forces can step aside and take a rest while your forces handle the seance. This is why White Rose (a Spirit) could do what she did a while ago—materialize, illuminate herself and skip around the room and talk. It is just a double force when you two are together."

"Now, Mrs. Burnsides, I think I can give you some proof of what I say. Do you remember one night the latter part of last winter while you and Etta were giving a seance in Oakland, California, that you saw Walter so plainly?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you remember what you said at the time?"

"Yes, I do; I said, 'Well, he has surely passed out this time, for I never saw him so plain before.'"

"Yes, those are your exact words. Now do you know why you saw him so plainly?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, on that night we were having a sitting here in his home in Indiana and at the close of the meeting he requested some of us to go to Oakland and see if you were holding a seance. He concentrated on you and we put him to sleep while in that deep concentration and that is why you saw him so plainly. He also has a record at home of that trip. Likely, you do not understand these laws of vibration as he does, for he has, to a great extent, made a study of them."

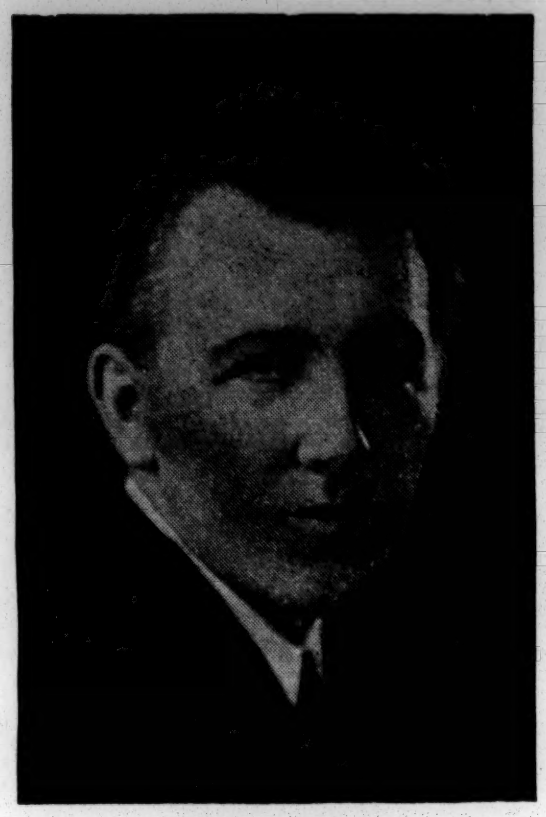
"No, I have never studied these things much, but it all sounds reasonable and I thank you for the information."

"Walter, you do not vibrate so near in unison with Etta as you do with Mrs. Burnsides. Is there any other question you wish to ask now on the subject?"

"None that I think of now. You have explained my question well and I thank you for the information. I have sometimes wondered if there could be such a thing as you have explained."

So, readers, here is an explanation I have never before read or heard of which I hope may answer things for others who have had similar experiences. It all sounds within reason, at least to anyone who has studied along the laws of vibration, attraction and repulsion. The Zenith Program of Chicago have used things just like my experience and generally at the close of the meeting have some materialistic college professor try to explain it as a

(Continued on page 26)



Haasan Osiris

Bringing Your Stars to You Astrologically With Your Personal Daily Guide

By HAASAN OSIRIS

Have you checked your Astrologer on "World Outlook"?

WORLD OUTLOOK

July, 1938

THE lunation for this month occurs in the sign of Cancer, a watery, zodiacal sign ruled by the Moon. The Sun, Moon and Mars hold important positions in the chart for this month.

This is not altogether a bad month, but there will be sufficient startling news and peculiar events to make it exciting.

In the United States there comes a drought affecting farms, foodstuffs, grains and general farming materials. The mid-west experiences some more of the dust storms of past months, and there are many fevers, much migration and travel.

Freak storms, tornadoes, odd experiences in thunder-storms, earthquakes and mining disasters. Aviation progresses, but there will be at least one or maybe more than one severe airplane accident.

Numerous labor troubles, a nation-wide organization comes in for severe criticism and investigation, difficulties with prisons, hospitals, sanitariums and sanitation conditions in cities.

Death of a governmental personage, a famous suicide and a ghastly murder are screamed from the headlines of the month.

Regardless of all of this, in some lines there is great prosperity. There will spring up a wave of building, construction and expansion. New power and transportation projects are commenced. Huge undertakings by large combines, real estate fluctuation — improving gradually, and stock market successes with steel, iron, building materials, munitions, etc.

Much travel between points of this country and to northern Europe. A new gold strike or other important mining discovery is shown.

England takes the lead in commerce of Europe. Some trade alliances between U. S. and England speed up the spending programs of both nations.

Serious unrest in Germany brings new and drastic demonstration of power to satisfy the public. Central Europe seethes with a hidden fear.

Severe earthquakes affect Japan, Australia, Formosa, South America, Canada, West Indies, Turkey and Greece.

So the business of Civilization marches on; it is an epochal month.

JULY, 1938

For the Zodiacal Signs

ARIES

(For those born between Mar. 21-April 19)

Fortunately the month for you in the Aries family looks pretty good. You may experience new opportunities to improve your budget or have a new source of income suggested to you. Travel is shown and general success in your home and working conditions. New friends and favors from old ones.

TAURUS

(For those born between April 20-May 20)

July brings out, in you, some strength of character for you will have important issues to face that will cement the foundation for your future. You will also have chances to improve your income. Generally a happy and fortunate frame of mind. Pleasure and slight gain through travels now.

GEMINI

(For those born between May 21-June 21)

Dawn comes over the horizon. After a series of setbacks and delays in your personal affairs you now come into more progressive times. Plans will start to form for the remainder of the summer. News from afar is exciting and some changes in your daily routine is for the better. New interests develop.

CANCER

(For those born between June 22-July 22)

Take things easy. Refuse to worry over trifles. There are to be many minor delays and unexpected waiting periods. Do not force issues at this time. Guard your general health and do not overtax your nerves. Prevent accidents in traffic and take no unnecessary risks. A very good time to study something.

LEO

(For those born between July 23-Aug. 22)

You may experience some imposition from others and not be able to carry out plans as rapidly as you'd like to. Nothing can be gained by impatience now. Take a trip somewhere for a week or two and relax. The month is not good for making important decisions or for investments; wait until later for those things.

VIRGO

(For those born between Aug. 23-Sept. 22)

This month sees some tasks completed and a settlement of conditions of long standing in your favor. Your mind seems to be more at ease and you will immediately begin new undertakings that you have been planning in the recent past. A trip is likely and some ideas are developing as to change of residence.

LIBRA

(For those born between Sept. 23-Oct. 22)

All those personal desires you've been nursing for so long should come pretty close to maturity now. Put forth a little effort and you will be surprised at the headway you can gain. Increase in income or a new source of income. A new and important friendship, offers to take trips and many favors from others.

(*Continued on page 26*)

Personal Astrological Daily Guide

Gallery of Letters With Their Meaning

G: Capital G means a very good day. Ask favors, seek work, sign papers, promote your affairs, take trips, advertise, make friends, investigate, attend to everything of importance. Go places and do things.

g: Small g means a slightly good day. On these days attend to usual routine, make offers, entertain company, visit, write letters, send telegrams, take short trips, improve your personal affairs. Buy things, sell and invest.

A: Capital A means an adverse day. On these days use care and caution in all dealings, avoid accidents, losses, thefts, and guard your health. Also be careful of misunderstandings and engage in no arguments. Take no risks or chances.

a: Small a means a slightly adverse day. On these days attend only to necessary duties, strive to keep cheerful, avoid hurts and wounds, make haste slowly and seek dependable advice before acting. Avoid domestic inharmony.

D: Capital D means a doubtful day. Quite likely on these days several alternate good and adverse influences prevail and you should be discreet in all activities. Do not take too much for granted — don't be too sure. Postpone things.

N: Capital N means a Neutral day. On this day the influences are equally balanced, therefore it is not a very important day. Go about your usual affairs with usual prudence and it will be a successful but uneventful day.

C: Capital C means a Critical day. On these days you should be unusually careful and cautious in everything. Be sure to avoid accidents, sudden losses, explosions, falls, hurts, cuts and bruises. Undertake NOTHING important.

F: Forenoon of this day is good, but the afternoon is adverse; therefore the A.M. should be considered as G and the P.M. as A.

P: Afternoon is good but the forenoon is adverse. Therefore the day should be considered as A in A.M. and G in P.M.

E: This letter will be used in combination with other letters and pertains to the Evening of any day when the Evening influences differ from the influences of the rest of the day. A letter E added to any day means the evening is good for romance, pleasure seeking, amusements, visiting, short trips and general recreations.

V: This letter will also be used in combination with other letters when the evening hours differ from the rest of the day. The letter V added to any day means the evening is adverse for risks or ventures and it is best to remain at home and engage only in quiet recreations with friends or family.

JULY, 1938

For those whose birthdays occur between:	Mar. 21—Apr. 19	Apr. 20—May 20	May 21—June 21	June 22—July 22	July 23—Aug. 22	Aug. 23—Sept. 22	Sept. 23—Oct. 22	Oct. 23—Nov. 21	Nov. 22—Dec. 21	Dec. 22—Jan. 19	Jan. 20—Feb. 19	Feb. 20—Mar. 20
Date	Ari.	Tau.	Gem.	Can.	Leo.	Vir.	Lib.	Sco.	Sag.	Cap.	Aqu	Pis.
1	DV	aE	GV	AE	DV	aE	gV	AE	gV	aE	gV	aE
2	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G
3	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV
4	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a
5	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	a
6	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	D	a	G	a	g
7	A	G	a	g	A	G	a	N	a	G	a	g
8	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	D	a	G	a
9	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	N	a	G	a
10	gV	aE	GV	AE	gV	aE	GV	AE	DV	aE	GV	aE
11	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G
12	a	g	a	G	a	G	a	g	a	N	a	G
13	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	DV	aE	GV
14	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a
15	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	N	a
16	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	D
17	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g	a	G	a	N
18	D	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	a
19	N	a	G	A	g	a	G	A	g	a	G	a
20	DV	aE	GV	AE	gV	aE	GV	AE	gV	aE	GV	aE
21	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a	G
22	aE	DV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV	aE	gV	aE	GV
23	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
24	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	a	G	a	g	a
25	A	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g
26	A	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	A	G	a	g
27	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	A	g	a	g	A
28	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	A	g	a	g	A
29	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a	G
30	a	g	a	G	a	N	a	G	a	g	a	G
31	G	a	g	a	G	a	D	a	G	a	g	a

DIRECTIONS: First find the column which includes your birthday, then look down that column of letters until you come to the date of the month you wish (given at the left). After securing the key-letter for that date refer to the Gallery of Letters to find out the indications for that day. When more than one letter is given for any day look up both letters for that day and govern yourself accordingly.

This is a Daily Guide for each Zodiacal Sign for the present month.

Remember that when a day is marked G it is good for most all progressive things, even though they might not be mentioned in the paragraph. Remember that a day marked A is adverse for most all progressive things, even though they are not mentioned in the paragraph.

Winning Contest Letter — *(Continued from page 3)*

is making us ready for the secret of true life. We realize now that adversity, misfortune, failure, grief, the loss of wealth and friends represent the grinding tools which smooth away the rough edges of our personalities so that the real character, unhampered by unprepossessing exteriors, can shine out for what it is worth. The grinding process will tell whether or not the diamond possesses value, whether or not it is worth the time it takes to grind it. An inferior stone will crumble under the grinding; so will the soul of the inferior individual. But there is this difference between the soul of man and a diamond: whereas the diamond is unfit forever upon disclosure of its inferiority, the soul can still advance from its inferior state to the highest, depending upon its reaction to controlling ideas and its recognition of the fact that things do not happen, that they are brought about. That is one of the all-important conclusions with which "Tremendous Trifles" leaves us: the change from the state of dissatisfied inferiority to a higher and more satisfactory condition can be brought about by the individual who has learned to recognize the value of obstacles.

A recognition of the fact that the overcoming of obstacles, or even an attempt to overcome them, when the individual is bowed down beneath overwhelming difficulties is the first step in rising from a lower to a higher estate. The obstacle standing between the man and his desire, is the grindstone which is rounding out his character and establishing him for the compassing of his deserving desire. "Tremendous Trifles" compels us to the belief that the conditions in the life of man, whether they be fortunate or unfortunate, exist and continue to exist in accordance with the actual wish of the individual. What man wills to do manifests concretely in his life, whether the end is defeat or victory, avers this amazing work. The law of success will demonstrate itself according to the exercise of the will, the individualized God-power, with the commencement of any task nearest at hand. The compelling point being: the individual must think the thing can be done before he sets out to do it, assures certain success in the small undertaking and paves the way for greater undertakings.

He is encouraged to fight now for what he wants, whereas, he was a beaten quitter before. The mighty and elevating force of sympathy for his lesser-favored brother has suddenly come into a heart that held no concern in the past for the other fellow. He has learned that sympathy is a cleansing and stimulating power, but he had never learned it had he never been subjected himself to all the adverse elements which make man the object of sympathy to the understanding soul. He has learned suddenly that any necessary task is noble and that if he persists honestly at the small job with his eye fixed doggedly on the greater, he will inevitably rise to a higher station. No rebuff or defeat can serve to do more than delay his arrival and strengthen his determination. Defeat is the grindstone which strengthens his mental powers by affording the required resistance necessary to advancing and increasing power. The continued rise after each failure means the learning of the lesson and the positive reaction to the grinding which means success as the ultimate goal.

With the certain knowledge that the esoteric desire will be attained, comes the further knowledge that the choice between a low and high state is actually up to the individual himself. The Bible of any religion does not teach any greater lesson than this mighty principle advanced by "Tremendous Trifles." That one idea born to the consciousness of the human race is invaluable. "Tremendous Trifles" greatest goal was the inculcating of that tremendous thought in the minds of its thousands of students. Certainly, it succeeded admirably. The presentation of numberless historic examples, the continued impressing on the mind of the student the part that the will plays in the conditions manifesting in his life together with the illuminating lessons on the imagination and the important part it plays, all lead to the mighty conclusion that the individual's will is his own <u>individualized God-power.</u> Realizing that, the meaning of "Thy will be done" suddenly became clear to me. Somehow, I had not held much to man submerging his will to a single entity -- the entity whom we know as the Christ. "Tremendous Trifles" disclose the amazing fact that man's own honest, healthy will is as much the individualized God-power of the man as it is of Jesus; therefore, <u>my</u> will, being honest and constructive, is <u>thy</u> will. Now, if I make certain that my will is in strict accord with natural laws, I can pray: "My will be done" and bring it to pass, as much a modern miracle as the ancient miracles performed by Jesus.

The student now knows that he must have an honest and compelling purpose -- a purpose which drives him to seeking a better position, health, happiness, but he also knows he must be the controller of that purpose. If he has lost everything and must begin all over, he will recognize the importance of doing well the simple task which is nearest at hand. If he performs that simple job as though it were the last thing he would ever do on earth, he will be establishing the proper mood for successful achievement in greater things, whether the goal he seeks is success physically, mentally or spiritually or a combination of all three.

Becoming a master of his moods in accordance with J. John Gilbert's suggestion, the student can now proceed to isolate his thought and shut out from his surroundings all ulterior influences. He has already learned at great cost that the end of the road -- his goal -- is dominated by the road he travels. Whether it is success or failure, sorrow or joy, health or sickness, the road he travels is responsible. Whatever the final goal is, this road, the <u>singleness of thought</u> has brought it into reality. Recognizing this, the student can now, through the combination of thought and action, bring about the avenue he wants to travel and achieve whatever goal he desires within his capacity.

Enlightenment has come to the soul who has learned to choose his own road according to "Tremendous Trifles" and I concur with that thought. The road may have been harsh and cruel to many. If it was, it was necessary because the very harshness and cruelty freed the shining diamond of the soul from the rough and jagged edges of material life which obscured its brilliancy and stood in the way of its certain advance. With the rough exterior worn away even at great apparent cost to the individual, the soul can vibrate anew to changed sensations and the <u>hidden talent,</u> hitherto unsuspected, suddenly manifests itself and the sign posts, "This Way to Success and Happiness" loom clear and unobscured.

"Tremendous Trifles" has convinced that silence can bring much in the way of advancement. The student is adjured to exercise care in the expression of sound. Express that only which you believe, avers this great work. In the discourse of the earnest soul only those words are given expression in sound that are known to be the truth -- words which will express to the world the individ-

(Continued on page 24)

Elbert Benjamine

When Venus Met Typhon

By ELBERT BENJAMINE

President of The Church of Light

IN ANCIENT Sumeria the plots of land on which produce was raised were laid out, much after the manner of farming land today, in rectangles. The corners of these areas, to provide means of identifying ownership, were marked with boundary stones. These boundary stones, among other things, commonly bore an astrological symbol.

Thus it was, following the still more ancient custom of regarding that which is on earth as a replica of that which is in the sky, that they also sought to plot the heavens in a somewhat similar manner. While recognizing its spherical shape, they established corners, each corner marked by a first magnitude star so that it was laid out as a great rectangle. The spring corner of the sky was marked by Aldebaren, the summer corner by Regulus, the fall corner by Antares and the winter corner by Fomalhaut, a lonesome star rising far to the southeast, to be seen only close to the southern horizon. These four markers were later known as the four Royal Stars.

Fomalhaut marks the head of the Fish, Pisces Australis, which is pictured drinking and swimming in the water which flows down from the urn of Aquarius. Aquarius is the Man of the sky. Not only does he pour down an influence upon the earth which is eagerly absorbed by Pisces Australis, but with one hand he measures the place and power of the Heavenly bodies. That is, he represents not only the intelligence of those who have passed beyond the tomb, but also the energies of the signs and planets which descend from above to influence the life and destiny of man on earth.

The joining of the sign of the one who knows, Aquarius, to the stream of planetary energy pouring down upon man indicates not only that, like the Fish, man on earth is subject to this invisible flood, but that he should use his intelligence to take advantage of it. How this may be done is set forth in the universal symbolism of the Greek legend of Typhon and Venus.

Typhon is the Egyptian portrayal of Saturn, the planet of selfishness which rules Capricorn, one decanate of which is pictured by the Southern Fish. Venus is the planet of love, the influence of which is the natural antidote for the influence of Saturn. According to the legend, Typhon made horrible advances to the beautiful goddess of love and to escape him she transformed herself into a Fish which now may be seen in the southern autumn skies.

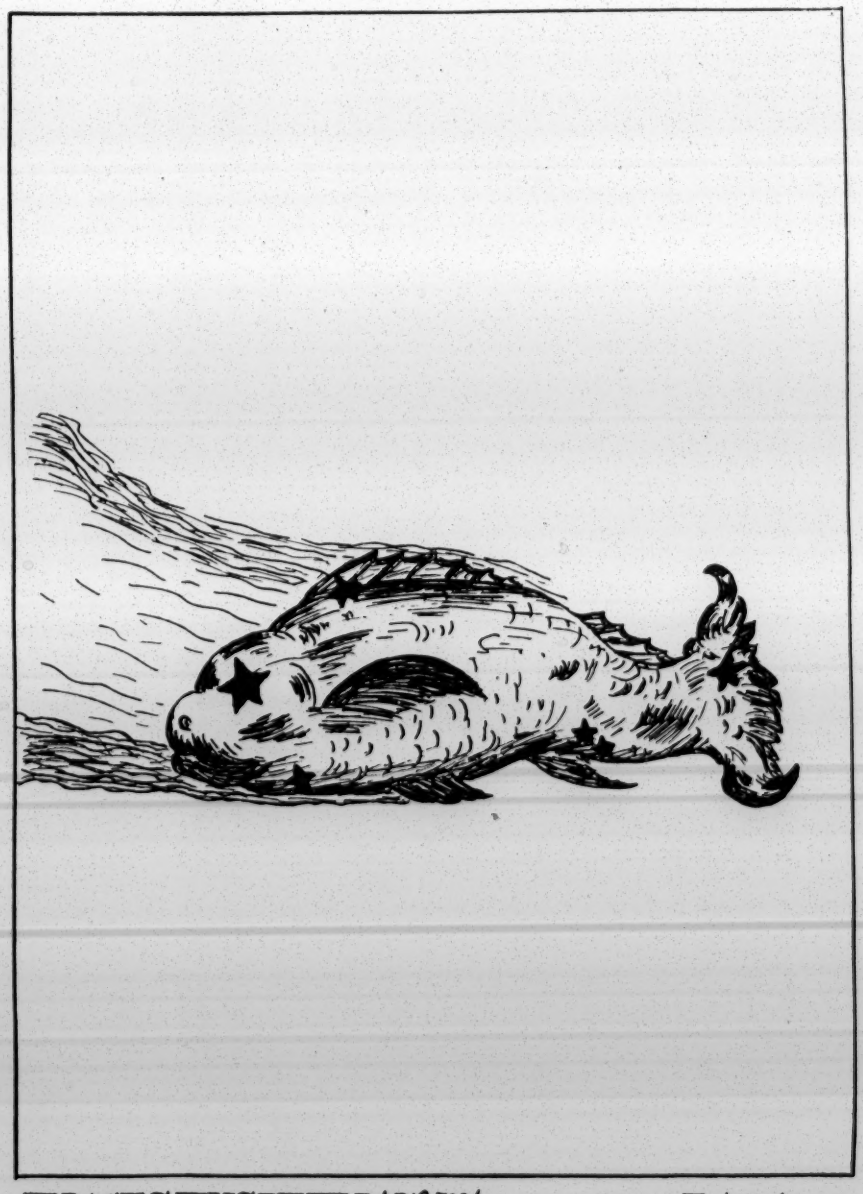
A fish lives in the water, symbol of the emotions, and love must have an emotional environment to thrive. There is but one manner in which we can escape the Typhon of selfishness, and that is through love. Whenever and wherever there is absence of love of someone other than the Self, to that extent does love of Self take charge, with all its terrible implications. If, therefore, we are to escape Selfishness it is imperative that we acquire love of others, such as is symbolized by the Fish immersed in the humanitarian stream.

Yet there is a still more technical significance to this transformation which took place when Saturn and Venus met. Thought trends and planetary vibrations both utilize astral vibrations and are quite similar in their power to affect the finer body of man. That is, certain groups of thought-cells are given additional energy and therefore can perform additional work, whether the energy supplied them comes from the planetary vibrations of Saturn or the thought-vibrations of Saturn quality. The same thing is true of the influence of all the other nine planets.

Astrologers find, therefore, that the most effective manner of counteracting the undesirable influence of any planet is to cultivate a type of thinking which forms a natural antidote to it, that is, the vibrations of which either cancel out the influence of the planet, or combine harmoniously with it to form beneficial thought-cells which attract favorable events instead of the misfortunes which would have been attracted if the planetary influence had gone unnoticed.

To be more specific, the ancient initiates as well as modern astrologers of the more enlightened class, looked upon planetary influences not as indicating inevitable events in the life of the individual, but as astral weather conditions which if not recognized tended to cause the individual to be attracted to the indicated event. If the invisible en-

(Continued on page 29)



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I Saw My "Dead" Pet —(*Continued from page 18*)

the slope toward me. I knew it could be no other cat. There were his four white feet and the white "vest" under his chin, yet I also knew it was not Mose, as I had always known him. In a way, he did not look quite the same, more noble, sedate. I spoke to him, calling him by name and held out my hand. He came on, looking straight at me; in his eyes was a look both affectionate and admonitory.

He came on until he was nearly at my feet, yet just out of reach of my hand. Here he stopped and sat down on his haunches. I started talking to him and I know he understood my meaning, even though he could not understand the words. I told him how I had missed him and how sorry I was about leaving him to starve. As I talked his expression became more friendly and the look of reproach vanished. I felt I had gained his forgiveness.

Darkness inclosed me. For a space of time I knew nothing. There came a sharp snap, as if something had suddenly been closed; it was accompanied by an acute momentary pain, light flashed in my face. I opened my eyes to find myself back in bed in my camp down on the mesa. The moon was shining through a crack in the flaps of my tent, full in my face. And now I feel that all is well between old Mose and me.

Winning Contest Letter — (*Continued from page 22*)

ual has in himself the faith which he would like for the world to have in him. Self-persuasion is the first step in the persuasion of others.

Thus, "Tremendous Trifles" proceeds calmly and persuasively step by step from its powerful introduction to its logical conclusion, presenting happy and stimulating pictures for the aspiring student to emulate. When a bleak picture is presented, it has been done to accentuate the beautiful which is its final conclusion, and to offer conclusive evidence that a dissatisfactory condition in life is in reality a blessing, since it affords the character-building resistance necessary to the growth of the soul.

"Tremendous Trifles" is like a mighty edifice towering high above the clouds of adversity. Each story, every paragraph, every word is like a brick forming the structure of the building. It would be impossible to take away a single word of this inspiring story without doing damage to the entire structure. Repetition is everlastingly important in compassing any worthwhile structure. The erection of a brick building consists of an endless repetition of bricklaying until the completed work stands for the multitude to admire; so it has been with "Tremendous Trifles." Mr. Gilbert, your eminent contributor, could have told the whole story in fewer words, but he recognized that one brick will never complete the building, so he gathered from the vast sources at his command a multitude of character-building implements, episodes, examples and fashioned them with a labor of love into the gigantic and awe-inspiring structure that "Tremendous Trifles" is.

This work is by far the greatest thing that its author has ever created, and I endorse the opinions of thousands of others who anxiously await future offerings of his thought-provoking pen.

Very sincerely yours,

MRS. JOHN W. JESSE

Louisville, Kentucky, May 1, 1938

Contest Editor,
Occult Digest,
1900 North Clark Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:

I was surprised and delighted when your letter with the first prize on the contest arrived. This was a most enjoyable experience, and I assure you the money itself was a smaller consideration than the participation in the contest. Of course, I am gratified to know that out of all the thousands of letters which must have been perused during the contest, my own effort was chosen for signal attention.

I thank you sincerely, and wish to assure you that the benefit derived from the study of J. John Gilbert's contest story cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. John W. Jesse,
2638 Hale Ave.,
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Bringing Your Stars to You — (*Continued from page 20*)

SCORPIO

(For those born between Oct. 23-Nov. 21)

General improvement in health and courage. Seem to be popular among friends and neighbors. Some writings and good news from a distance. Several short trips are on schedule for this month for all of you in Scorpio; be sure not to refuse any of them. A feeling of more security than you've had recently.

SAGITTARIUS

(For those born between Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Some one annoying event may carry over from the past two months, but other things are shown as very progressive. Some blessings will come in disguise, but you will realize them later. Health, finances and friendships improve. The month gives you desire for travel and some opportunities for doing so.

CAPRICORN

(For those born between Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

You may feel suppressed to a certain extent now, but should not take things too seriously. Try to keep an open and broad mind. In order to prevent disappointments do not plan to complete important things. Be satisfied with ordinary daily routine. Take a trip for relief near the end of the month.

AQUARIUS

(For those born between Jan. 20-Feb. 19)

July, for you in Aquarius is unfavorable for travel, removal or change of position. Guard your money well and avoid extravagance. There is a tendency to become involved in disputes which are much better avoided at this time. Take care of your health and avoid hurts and accidents at home and in traffic.

PISCES

(For those born between Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

This is definitely a month of recreation. Chances to get away from the daily grind of things. An excellent month for travel and meeting new friends. You will probably buy many new personal effects because you will be attracted to bargains all through the month. Favors from some relatives and friendships.

Philosophy and Experiences — (*Continued from page 19*)

mental phase, although it does not touch on the mental phase at all.

I give another experience in brief. One evening a few years ago I was on my way to Indian Springs to get something from the drug store. Crossing our place and reaching the line fence between our place and the next, I paused to rest, for I had been running part of the way. I saw two construction trains backing up, come together and pile up although no train was in sight or hearing. In this case I did not see anyone in the wreck whom I recognized, yet I was sure there had been a wreck of that kind at that time. The scene soon faded. At that time they were building to the west of us on this railroad an extension to Terre Haute, Indiana. I had a feeling that the wreck was in that direction, although at that time I had never been in that part of the country. Several people whom I knew worked on this road, but I did not know at the time where they were. I went on to town and when I reached the end of the platform the agent was going from one to another asking something; he had a paper in his hand and as I came up he said, "There is a man I can get to take it now," and he came toward me. I said, "What is it, Leonard?" His reply was "There has been a wreck on the West extension and Lafe Baker is badly hurt; will you take this message to his father and mother?" I said, "Yes, I will go as soon as I come from the drug store. His father was at Cale as I came through, but I will take it to the house if need be." (They were neighbors to us, just north a short distance.) So I delivered the message and judge my surprise when I got the details of the wreck; it had happened just as I saw it and at the exact time I saw it, but just who was in the wreck who was in unison with my wave length of vibration I do not know, as there were several whom I knew, but not all were hurt, and I do not know any way to tell just who they were, but I do know that I was not thinking of trains running together at the time. It is true that I was near the railroad at the time and near the place where, years before there had been a bad wreck and some people killed, but not such a wreck as I saw. Whether there could yet be some psychological effect or influence at this point that would in any way cause me to see this wreck I am not able to say, as the two wrecks were so different. I would prefer to fall back on Doctor Proff's hypothesis for an explanation.

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Foreword by PROF. WM. MCDOUGALL

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Temple of Learning

(Continued from page 4)

may envision the process of germinating the seed. The seed reaches its full fruition through the law of attraction. Attraction involves the law of motion, creative motion, which is also destructive; and we will point this lesson. Do not look upon any disaster as destructive. Know ye that the world—and we might add, *worlds*, came to their present form through this law and everything that these worlds put forth arrived to germination through the same law and continue through this law in whatsoever form of Life you chose to single out for your particular trend of mind in grasping the greater Truth that Life holds for you. Whether you make a study of the soul or of the stars, whether you delve into the mineral, the vegetation or the human form itself in the first principle of gestation is found the seat of every expression given forth. Take your own body; analyze all its functions. Take the eye; analyze it—the ear and analyze the great motor power that runs your body. You cannot separate the functions of your body; you must analyze the whole and then realize separate and apart from this physical body that a great moving power lays it aside and continues Life in its evolved body. There is no stop—there is no resting place. The urge does not allow rest. Rest, my beloved hearers, has no part or place in evolution. The constant and continuous shuffling off of the old as the new proceeds can only be comprehended by the finite mind realizing that growth continues after the seed has emptied its quickening juice into the roots, branches, leaves and fruit. Its mission is never ended; once brought into activity the soul or Life growth never ceases. Lack of comprehension may retard, but Time, the holder of all records, eventually brings to full fruition through the law of comprehension the most backward expression of Life gathered from the uncreated into the created. Take this lesson with you into meditation and sift from it the golden grains that will enrich your life."

Is Man the Victim

(Continued from page 13)

To such a man all the world is ready and eager to render homage. All the Hierarchy, angels and saints are ready to co-operate in helping him to accomplish his objectives. But there is a definite provision; he must first earn the right to command Superior Beings by himself gaining complete mastery over his own worthless carnal thoughts and desires.

Man is truly made in the likeness of his maker, but for the most part man prefers to exist in the environment of failure and discord, rather than by claiming his rightful heritage and compelling all Nature and a host of invisible helpers to bow to his will.

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How I Began to Paint — *(Continued from page 11)*

its aspects but especially on the mystery of the sacred fire, that of the universe, the fire within me, the sacred serpent, Kundalini, the holy fire which when roused, awakens the Higher Consciousness unto full operation. I was in no way aware of the passage of time; the two hours scarcely seemed two minutes to me, under the circumstances. My meditation ceased with the dying out of the fire. The manifestations made apparent to me while meditating makes another story. That which I now am concerned with is my dream, the effect of the meditation on my sleeping state. A heavy drowsiness had stolen over me so I prepared the grate as was customary in that land and hastened to bed.

I must have fallen asleep at once; for I awoke after a lapse of fifteen minutes. I knew this since I got up to record my remarkable dream. In these fifteen minutes which appeared much longer in my dream, of course, I experienced the results of my meditation on the mystery of FIRE.

I dreamed that I was suddenly transported to a high flight of marble steps which seemed to lead into a vast white temple. Somehow or other I was incapable of turning around. I could only proceed forward. Before my wondering eyes an endless garden appeared; a snow - white path lay stretched through the garden in a straight line seeming to lead to eternity. I say ETERNITY since that thought was indelibly impressed upon my mind in the dream. On either side of this blendingly white path immense vases of exceptional beauty rose up in translucent light; exquisite flowers, gigantic in size, of a pale purple pink tint raised themselves out of the vases. Thereupon ringlets of pale blue smoke commenced curling their weird shapes about the vases.

Even as in a waking state, when gazing intently upon ringlets or clouds of smoke we see peculiar and fantastic shapes, I now saw the strangest forms weave in and out among the gorgeous flowers. It flashed on me then, "Now I shall know the meaning of the Divine fire. It is there before my eyes; it shall be revealed to me." But, alas, I could not stir another step. I was within reach of it, and yet I could not grasp out for the knowledge, avidly as I desired to do so. I remember that in my dream I exerted the full force of my WILL, willing myself to move on, and with unexpected suddenness my feet began to move toward the mystery of the vases. One step, two steps —I was on my way down the marble flight of stairs. Half-way down my progress was barred. With characteristic precipitancy of the dream, a huge white being thrust himself into freezing my purpose with fear. He fixed glowing orbs on me, much like the glowing embers of the physical fire, warning of coming dangers, enjoining upon me not to touch the flowers in the vases which were so tantalizingly near—and now, so far. "Not yet," he kept repeating. Then he vanished from my sight as unceremoniously as he had come! With his disappearance my courage came back. Everything was sublimely peaceful; there lay the white path, within a few paces stood the majestic vases and their precious contents. Why should I not discover this secret for myself? So near—a few steps and knowledge would be mine. "I MUST, I SHALL KNOW, if I die for it!" my spirit cried aloud.

Thus buoying myself by the inner powers I began descending the steps. A few marble slabs to traverse and I was close to the desired goal. An emotion beyond description held me in its sublime grip. I had now reached the vases and was riveted in fascination by the unearthly beauty of the huge petals. It came to me that if I but touched them I should know what I sought. I stretched out my hands—one caress and then I buried my hands in the soft mass of flowers. The flowers seemed suddenly to become a soft mass of human writhing figures. Fear struck my soul and I struggled to free myself. But thick clouds of smoke rose up from the urns and the flowers turned into a dark hidden fury. Hideous creatures sprang out at me, clawed at me, clutched at me with hungry talons. I fought like a demon, crying aloud for help. Again the white being miraculously appeared to succor me, despite my disobedience. Instantaneously, the horrible creatures evaporated, but so also had my wonderful garden of eternity. There remained only the mild-voiced rescuer who gazed on me in sorrow and said, "Beware of these practices" and with these words he vanished. With his disappearance came my awakening to the physical plane once more. As already stated I got up to record my extraordinary experience. As I sat a while reflecting on the meaning of my dream I gathered that probably my meditations were too intensified and that the evolutionary process must be carried on at a slower pace. The following day found me with my colors and paper depicting the evil spirits. Taking what fortune sent me, I satisfied myself with producing a painting which I called "THE EVIL SPIRITS."

This picture, among others, was hung in the exhibit at THE HOUSE OF PEERS. I spent as many of my spare hours as I conveniently could in the gallery, invariably appearing near closing time. One day, toward the end of the exhibition, as I entered the long salon a lady at the far end of the gallery turned abruptly and focused her gaze on me. As there were a great many people present and the lady in question was an utter stranger to me, what followed seemed of occult significance. For no apparent reason she instantly recognized me as the artist. She came up to me, saying, "You are Miss So and So, are you not?" I

(Continued on page 32)

When Venus Met Typhon — *(Continued from page 23)*

vironment, such as the Southern Fish is seen to be swimming in, was harmonious, a knowledge of the direction of its flow would enable the individual to move with the fortunate tide and attain a success that otherwise would be impossible. But if the stream were adverse, if it represented a period of stormy astral weather, proper preparation usually would enable the individual to pass though the period uninjured.

There were three methods advocated by which planetary energies could thus be brought under control. These embraced the use of Rallying Forces, the employment of Conversion, and the application of Mental Antidotes. It is this latter method which has the widest range of application and can be used by the untrained individual as well as by those of special skill, which is indicated in the story of Venus and Typhon.

When there is an adverse influence from the planet Saturn, the best thing that the individual can do to counteract it is to cultivate a line of thinking and activity which is ruled by Venus. The thought energies having the Venus vibratory rate are of such a nature that when they unite with the Saturn vibrations they tend to produce a compound within the thought-cells of the astral body which has no inimical influence. Furthermore, the Saturn thought-element and the Venus thought-element quite readily enter into a very beneficial mental compound if they are thought about in association in a pleasant manner.

Venus and Saturn are only one pair of Mental Antidotes; for each planet is naturally related to some other planet in such a way that the vibrations of the two, or the thoughts which they rule, tend to unite in a harmonious compound very readily. Neptune, the octave of Venus, is also a mental antidote of Saturn. That is, not only does harmonious thinking of the Venus or Neptune type overcome the inimical influence of Saturn; but when the planetary influences of Venus or Neptune are discordant, this discord and the misfortune otherwise attracted can most readily be counteracted through cultivating harmonious Saturn thinking.

In the same manner thoughts of the Mars type most readily enter into harmonious compounds with those of the Moon or Pluto type. The Jupiter discords may most readily be annulled by cultivating thinking of the Mercury or Uranus type. This signifies also that when the Moon is afflicted the best type of thinking is that of a harmonious but aggressive nature; and that when Mercury is afflicted the best antidote is to cultivate the hail-fellow-well-met attitude and the benevolence of Jupiter.

There is also a Bible story which revolves around the Southern Fish. It relates that Peter at one time was hard pressed for money with which to pay taxes. Relying upon the higher powers, he cast a hook into the water and drew forth a Fish which held a piece of money in its mouth of sufficient value to meet the urgent need.

Those who take up some worthy work, especially if it be of a type which is encouraged by the better individuals of the inner plane, always find that they are under a somewhat similar protective influence. This does not mean that they will always escape danger, for the conditions may be such at times that those on the inner plane cannot make their influence properly felt. This is not due to lack of desire on their part; but to the mental attitude of the one they wish to help, or to environmental conditions which shut them off from him. It is then as if the Southern Fish were to desert the stream in which he normally lives and be for the time being stranded.

Almost, or quite, every person who has become devoted to carrying out some noble work on the physical plane which has the support of invisible brethren, can relate experiences in which when a crisis arose, he has been helped in a manner no less startling than was Peter when he so badly needed money. And it is significant that, as related in Matthew 17:27, the coin was not for the purchase of food, but for a purpose which comes under the same astrological rulership as friends on the inner plane; for both the dead and taxes are ruled by the eighth house of a birth-chart.

If, on certain occasions, friends on the inner plane help those on earth in so remarkable a manner, the question naturally arises why they do not exert an even greater influence and why those on earth do not acquire greater wisdom from them.

Aside from the ability of the one on earth to keep constantly in the stream of their influence, it should be recognized that the region adjacent to the earth is not occupied by those of a single purpose, but there, as here, there are violently contending interests. People when they pass to the astral world do not at once change either their views or their characteristics. On a still higher level, selfishness and deception are precluded by the high vibratory requirements of such a sphere, but it is very difficult for one on earth to hold so exalted a state of consciousness that he can continuously be in the stream of such an influence.

Not only thought influences from those on earth and the thought influence of entities on the astral plane who are antagonistic to the work being done, interpose; but planetary vibrations at times also make it unusually difficult to keep in rapport with high constructive influences who work from the inner realms. Just as Peter, in his ministrations, performed a number of miracles, only later to meet a violent death, so are there astrological tides

(Continued on page 32)

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Departure Cannot Be Averted

(*Continued from page 10*)

didn't matter. She must open her eyes —explain to the caretaker—he'd understand now—and thank him for the magnificent thing he'd done. Strange! Her eyelids didn't want to move. She hoped she wasn't going to faint, now that it was all over. Again the muscles of her lids refused to obey her. She struggled fiercely, aware that gentle hands were pulling at her hands and that a kind trembling voice was speaking.

"Come out, lassie," she heard. "Come out, lassie."

That was an unusual way to put it. Why didn't he say, "Get up" or "Wake up." No doubt he was frightfully shocked, too. She made one more great effort to force her lids. Then, all at once she could see again. Very clearly! It wasn't the old caretaker who was helping her to stand. Who was smiling even as tears ran down his wrinkled cheek. It was a stranger in the camlet greatcoat. An old, old man with gentle, brave eyes.

"I'm sorry I didn't get here in time." His words were as soft as a summer wind fingering apple blossoms.

"Oh, but you did!" The young voice throbbed with gratitude. "You were marvelous. You must come home with me to Virginia. My mother will want to thank you for this brave deed. My little sisters will adore you. We'll make you very happy. Have you ever seen Albemarle County in April?"

Instead of answering her question, he said:

"I'll see that you arrive safely, lassie."

"But you must make us a visit. Live with us always if you've no kin folks of your own. You saved my life, you know."

"No, lassie." The old voice trembled and instinctively both turned to the bed. Nancy lay there. Her face was very white in the moonlight. The blood had almost stopped dripping.

Thinkers

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Things I Don't Understand — *(Continued from page 15)*

room, into the corner formed by the door and the casing—meanwhile barking with all his little might. Suddenly the clamor ceased and the Indian was back in our room, chuckling with great glee. At the same time there were frantic scratches at the door accompanied by pitiful whines. The little Chihuahua was clamoring for admission to a place of fancied security.

All this convinced me that *something* that was strange and fearsome to the dog had been out in the living room, chasing him; *something* that the dog could see.

In response to the question likely to arise in the mind of the reader at this point, I will state that those sitting in our room had been seated in the form of a semi-circle, of which each end was directly next the wall. There was no door or other opening through these walls within the space enclosed by those present.

Whatever that *something* was had to pass *through* the walls of the room in which we were seated. Just what that *something* was, I do not profess to know.

The Dog That Barked

One evening we were visiting upstairs in a four-family flat. The flat downstairs was occupied by a lady who had a Water Spaniel of which she was very fond. In order to secure the apartment, the lady assured the owner that her pet was unusually well trained and that it did not molest flower beds nor bark in the house at any time. With this assurance the owner provisionally rented the apartment to her. This lady and her dog had been living there in peace for perhaps six months previous to the occurrence of the following incident. The dog had certainly lived up to its reputation; it was quiet and inoffensive and had never barked, day or night.

About eight o'clock of the evening in question a number of us were sitting in the living room of the apartment directly over that of the lady with the dog, visiting with a medium who had a control by the name of Blue Bell. This control claimed to be the spirit of a little Cherokee Indian girl, exceedingly bright and of a mischievous nature. The medium was telling us about the many things this Blue Bell was wont to do. At this juncture, I had another bright idea—I wondered whether this Blue Bell would be able to go downstairs and cause that sedate and quiet dog to bark. Accordingly, I asked the medium if she would ask her spirit friend to go downstairs and make that dog bark, which she obligingly did.

In just a few moments the dog downstairs began to race from one end of the living room to the other, barking furiously all the while. In just a few minutes the control began again to speak through the medium, telling with great glee how the dog acted and what she did to it. The next morning the lady downstairs apologized to all the other tenants, carefully explaining that she could not understand the actions of her pet and that it had never acted in that manner before.

What was it that caused that dog to act thus? Was it the appearance of a spirit that the dog saw, or was it the cumulative effect of our minds upon that of the dog? I do not profess to know, or to understand!

The Watch That Refused to Run

About a year since a man of my acquaintance passed on to his reward leaving behind quite a supply of clothing—some quite new. The daughter desired to give them to some worthy man, but as the father was quite a large man, no place could be immediately found. After a time a man was located whom the suits fitted as if they had been individually tailored for him.

This man was the possessor of a very fine watch given him for some meritorious service in the past and of which he was justly proud. This man soon discovered that whenever he wore one of the suits just mentioned, his watch stopped and would not run until it was removed from the immediate neighborhood of the suit. This occurred not once, but many times. This interruption to the former regular time-keeping of the watch extended over a period in excess of three months. Over another period of approximately similar length of time, the watch would stop at irregular intervals, instead of every time it was carried in one of those suits. At length the interference ceased almost altogether.

Several times, as an experiment, this man removed the watch from the pocket and laid it upon the table, whereupon it would immediately resume its merry ticking.

What caused the watch to stop? I can only say that your guess is as good as that of anyone else!

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Oneness of Metaphysics — *(Continued from page 8)*

expedient holds good in the moral world, where "as a man soweth so shall he reap;" giving and receiving being essentially reciprocal. In each instance, both factors are necessary to the working out of the One Purpose or One Object of Unity and Harmony.

Unity Must Replace Duality

There will be no assurance of individual, national or international peace until the conception of Unity dominates the human mind. To the degree that the belief in Duality continues to prevail, humanity will glory equally in its love and its hate; will continue conscious of separation, division and conflict; will compete without co-operation; will take without giving. There will be no mutual understanding between religion and science or metaphysics and psychology until Unity dominates Duality in consciousness; nor will personal relations travel far toward a Brotherhood of Man until there is a general acknowledgment of spiritual Unity.

With the recognition of Unity as a universal fact, there will come the realization of One God, a God of Love, and the acceptance of a Scientific Religion constituting a Spiritual Science. In its realization of the Fatherhood of God, humanity will establsh a secure foundation for the Brotherhood of Man. Each of the religions will then find its place as a more or less brilliant facet in the resplendent diamond of the One Religion.

"A new metaphysical and magically inclined mentality is a recognized result of the revolution in the sciences of today. Magic is being drawn so far into the realm of exact science that the transcendent world scarcely seems inconquerable after all. Man has indeed begun his attack upon the hyper-technical and metabiological beyond!"—*Eugen Georg*: The Adventure of Mankind, 1931, p. 295.

Soil and Soul — *(Continued from page 9)*

The dull apathy of the mineral is aroused to fuller perception when it merges into the vegetable kingdom and enjoys the accelerated vibratory activity which takes place when the inorganic matter resident in soil and rock is converted into organic material. The vegetable kingdom liberates energies more powerful with more latent dynamics when it merges into the animal and human kingdoms. The processes of ingestion, digestion, secretion and excretion become involved in the mysteries of alchemy — physiologically called metabolism—that cunning, mysterious and ingenious vital phenomena that readily transforms the food ingested into the more complex human cells, blood, bones, lymph, heat and energy. Thus the lower forms of life inherent in the foods ingested are fused with the higher and more intelligent human cells, and transmuted or sublimated, so to speak, to heightened consciousness or progressive manifestations of vital force, impressed with the higher potencies of the human organism. Many foods which in the final end processes of metabolism would have been potentially or actively alkaline are rendered acid by our wrong thoughts, feelings and motives. Of striking importance is the fact that this acidity is carried back to the mineral and vegetable kingdoms in renewed life cycles, thus reacting unfavorably on the whole of Nature.

Behind all erroneous action is an incorrect attitude of mind. In the wrong fertilization of the soil is reflected a heedlessness or indifference — an absence of universal kinship, mercy and love for man and the various expressions of life in Nature; a failure to recognize the reciprocity in Nature, as evidenced by agricultural *mining* instead of sane soil replenishment; a desire for quick accumulation of profits, and hence the use of too much forcing fertilizers which insure luxuriant but rank growth devoid of precious nutrients, analogous to the manufacture of inferior foodstuffs; the necessity on the part of farmers to respond to the violations of natural law, pursuant to the false and perverted needs and cravings of faulty man; the attacks of parasites, a rebound of the parasitic qualities in man, intensified by lice, fungi and plant diseases which respond to the destructive disintegrating thought entities in Nature nursed and reared by man. Lastly, the general disturbance caused by a violated equilibrium resulting in a super-abundance of insects that have their place and duties in the natural scheme of things, but which cannot find their niches in an abnormal situation.

In the Bhagavad-Gita the quality of Tamas or darkness is expressed as a state of delusion or ignorance, where work is undertaken without regard for its consequences, or the power to carry it out, without ability or discrimination or the harm it may cause. Rajas quality springs from a gratification of lust, where abstinence from righteous works is perpetrated because it is painful or because it is something irksome to be performed under duress. The Sattva type, declared to be the quality of truth and goodness, does his duties because it is necessary, obligatory and proper; because it is the will of the Lord within. The disciple must learn to do every act with the Divine in view, yielding his energies whole-heartedly and unselfishly to the great tasks at hand. When this becomes universal, such problems as rational soil fertilization will solve themselves.—*Reprint from Inner Culture.*

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Welding of Forces

(Continued from page 12)

what Eve so temptingly displays? Have you seen many of these Adam's? If you have you will find them more spiritual than material.

The Divine spark which started on this pilgrimage so many aeons ago must learn a lot of lessons; it will be a real journey, so be patient and perhaps we shall learn how we arrived in the human body. Coming from the Divinity or Solar Body, into the astral or desire body has unbalanced the spirituality within us and on this earth plane of expression we must learn equilibrium.

The Cosmic planes are planes of thought; they are Cosmic and superconscious states of being. The astral planes are planes of desire; they are subconscious states of being. The earth is a plane of physical or objective manifestation.

The earth is supposed to have formed its mineral life during a Day of Brahm (which according to a certain Oriental calculation comprises a period of 8,640,000,000 Solar years). Let us say that in the first Day of Brahm

(Continued on page 32)

Don't Miss the Next Issue

How I Began to Paint — *(Continued from page 28)*

confirmed the statement, whereupon she introduced herself. She then asked me kindly to explain the origin of the evil spirits. Upon probing her before venturing upon my unique explanation, I found that she also was given to occult studies, similar to my own. I may add in defense of what I am further going to relate that she was a highly respectable elderly lady, holding a high position among her fellow men and had devoted much of her time to religious study. Hence it was of intense interest that my "EVIL SPIRITS" caused our paths to meet.

I forthwith told her my story, giving her a detailed description of every particular which had brought me into such close relationship with "THE EVIL SPIRITS." She listened intently and then informed me upon my completing the narration, that the self-same creatures had revealed themselves to her in a dream. In her dream, however, these creatures seemed to be attacking vast multitudes. As I see it now the dream may have been induced by the war-horrors of those days, since in an occult sense, creatures of that nature might easily have been created by the wholesale murders committed on the battle-field.

It is interesting however, to note that the concurrence of dreams was not ascribable to telepathic influence, for the lady in question and I had had dreams not identical in all details but so only in the main feature; that is, the creatures represented in both dreams were impressed upon us as being evil spirits, identical in appearance as well as in purpose. Aside from this we were perfect strangers, had never had anything in common, nor any channels of sympathy open between us before that day at the exhibit in the HOUSE OF PEERS.

This story goes toward substantiating my narration of how dream life was instrumental in teaching me how to paint.

When Venus Met Typhon — *(Continued from page 29)*

which at times make it almost impossible for even the most devoted disciple of Truth to keep his inner contacts.

But even when the condition of rapport between those on the inner plane of life and their chosen representative on the physical plane are perfect, the amount of information that can be given to the one on earth is dependent upon his mental capacity.

Should an equation in differential calculus, for instance, be given to an individual not well versed in mathematics, it would be so meaningless to him that he probably would pay no attention to it. He would not recognize the symbols and even if they were raised from the region of the unconscious mind into his objective consciousness, he would probably quickly forget them. To bring things from the unconscious mind, there needs to be a bond of association between them and things already known and in the objective consciousness.

Those on the inner plane who have advanced in character and in wisdom band together in societies and groups, formulate better methods of living and higher standards of conduct and make the endeavor to project these ideals to people yet on earth. The ideals of earth are thus received by those who are advanced enough here to receive them from minds on the inner plane. For this reason, and because those born when the Sun is in the third-decanate of Capricorn, as it is from January 10 to January 20 each year, are specially receptive to such exalted ideas. The key-word of the Pisces Australis section of the zodiac is Idealism.

While such ideals and valuable information may be broadcast from the inner planes to all the earth for anyone who is receptive to them to pick them up; usually some one individual on the earth becomes the one through whom they are given to the world. This individual through his basic character vibrations and intellectual interests has an affinity for the ideals and knowledge given. His subsequent thinking about them and teaching them, keep him in the stream of vibratory influence flowing from those on higher levels, much as the Southern Fish lives in and absorbs the stream from the Aquarian urn.

The text thus becomes: From the Inner Planes It Is Possible for Man to Attract Any Information Whatsoever He Is Capable of Utilizing.

Welding of the Forces — *(Continued from page 31)*

or mineral age of our earth, we as Divine Sparks from the *first cause* enshrouded ourselves with form after form of mineral life, attaining the top of the mineral ladder through *alchemy*. (In other words our soul was enshrouded by perfect mineral.) In the mineral stage of our soul's evolution, Saturn ruled this stage of the earth's evolution. Then came a period called a Night of Brahm, while our earth was going through a period similar to a mother giving birth and picking up the Sun's energies from the Fifth Cosmic Plane to be used in perfecting our vegetable forms.

During the Vegetable or Plant age our soul perfected a perfect plant, and during the night half of this age the earth picked up the Moon's energies from the sixth Cosmic Plane.

Working with the fecundating rays of the Moon our soul through the animal age, perfects itself as an animal (man is the transitory state between animal and angel life forms). He lives on the earth and takes his energy from the Sixth Cosmic Plane, or Astral—Desire World (where it has been stepped-down in vibratory rate from Celestial, Angelic and the Spiritual Worlds) into a state of density which enables him, in his dense body (through transmutation of the life energy or sex force, and through changing the animalistic thought-processes into human-thought-processes to attain the angelic form, which one of the Apostles wrote of in the Bible when he said, "God made man just a little lower than the Angels") to attain the angelic state in a shorter time than he would be able to do so, through natural evolution of the animal form.

The Sun journeying through the twelve signs of the Zodiac makes a complete circle in a Solar Year, 25,868 years of our time. According to the above computation it will take the Sun 2,155 years to travel through a sign. Each sign (called a sounding board of nature) throws a different energy to its earth children, and this energy is stepped-down in its vibratory rate by the planet which rules the sign; through harmony or discord the child of earth receives this stepped-down energy according to his sensitiveness to receive the impacts of vibration.

Material Science tells us of the discovery of seven ages; which are: first, one empty of time and space; second, one of life and water, and a germ state; third, the age of reptiles, fur and feathers; fourth, the age of mammals and of brain-growth; fifth, the age of sub-men, the Heidelberg sub-men, the Piltdown sub-men; the first traces of man-like creatures; sixth, the Neanderthal man, an extinct race who lived 50,000 years ago. This race is supposed to have inhabited the earth for 200,000 years; seventh, the age of the Post-glacial, Palaeolithic man—the First True Man—we, you and I, are the result of the First True Man—*we must evolve our brain growth and make our bodies fit instruments for the energies of the electric fire to flow through.*

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